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SIXPENCE.
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MISS LINA CARR AS LISA IN "THE GRAND DUKE," ON TOUR

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WEST AND SON, SOUTHSEA.

"THE LITTLE GENIUS" AT HOME.

When I say "at home" (writes a representative of *The Sketch*), I wish to raise no visions of a comfortably cushioned room, with its array of photographs, its pet poodle, its cheval glasses, and all the various furniture so commonly dear to the daily interviewer; for, after a hunt compared to which coursing is a trifle and flea-catching a cool



MISS DIRKENS AS PAOLA IN "THE LITTLE GENIUS."

Photo by R. Krzivanek, Vienna.

employment, I ran Miss Annie Dirkens to earth in the home which we all hoped her talent might adorn for a long time to come—in the Shaftesbury Theatre.

It was on the occasion of the last rehearsal of "The Little Genius" that I found her among the clothed stalls, and in the dust of preparation, the while Mr. Lonnen recited his part in a low voice, as though nothing mattered in the world, and his part something less than nothing. Ladies in blouses approached him, and he made monotonous advances to them; he partook of a vacant meal, and in the most matter-of-fact manner in the world he simulated intoxication. That these various moods will "blossom in purple and red"—I write before the production of the piece—upon the Shaftesbury stage there cannot be reasonable doubt. For the moment, as I stumbled over drunken wings that seemed as though they never could stand up in a rational manner, I heard these things, and then Mr. James Glover, the conductor of the new work, out on the lease from Covent Garden, burst upon my charmed sight. I told him in all breathlessness that I had come to find Miss Dirkens at any cost, and that here, as it seemed, my ambitions might be fulfilled if he would go so far as to lend me his kind services. . . . He lent them.

"This is not the first time, Miss Dirkens," said I, among the covered stalls and among the dust of preparation, "that you are to face an English audience?"

"No," she replied in delightful broken English; "I was in London last year with the Saxe-Coburg Company, and took a prominent part, as you know, in some of their productions."

"Then, how comes it," I asked, "that you are here again amid so different surroundings?"

"I will tell you," she replied. "Sir Augustus came over to Vienna. I went to him. 'Can you give me a turn,' I asked, 'at anything, as a chorus-girl at Olympia, wherever you please?' He looked at me and shook his head. 'I have nothing.' Well, he came to see me in 'The Little Genius.' After the performance he spoke to me. 'You must come at once to London,' said he. 'But I cannot,' said I. 'I have my engagement here; I cannot leave immediately.' But he persisted; he bought me out, brought me over, and here I am."

"You were much grieved, I suppose, by his death?" I interposed.

"It made me ill," she said artlessly. "I was very fond of him. He was so good a man to work with, so generous an employer, and so interested in his work."

"And you like your part in 'The Little Genius'?"

"Very much indeed; it was a great success, you know, in Germany—the greatest success of the year. But I was chiefly engaged in Vienna."

"You were the first to fill the part, were you not?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she replied; "I succeeded Madame Palmáy, who came over here to fulfil her engagement with the Savoy Company."

"And she," I chimed in sorrowfully, "is going away to Buda-Pesth. It is a shame to think that so fine an opera as 'The Grand Duke' should have given her so poor a run."

"But she will not be gone long, I believe," said Miss Dirkens; "she is only going for a rest; we are not accustomed to your long English runs."

I thought of a certain insinuating sentence in Mr. Gilbert's libretto, and was dumb.

"And what of the company you are being associated with now?"

"They are capital," she replied; "Mr. Lonnen is so particularly funny, I am sure he will make a great success."

"And yourself," I said—"have you no hopes there?"

She became modest, with an air. "Oh, I hope for the best!" she laughed.

"But you must have been distressed a good deal," I said, "by all these postponements?"

"Indeed I have," she answered; "five weary weeks have nearly worn me out, and during that time I have had a series of colds, at the rate of one a-week. Hot-weather colds, you know, are so much worse than any other kind."

"What of the music?" I went on, as if I were in truth a walking note of interrogation.

"It is so pretty!" she replied. "Herr Taund was, as everybody knows, in the German Navy; but he has left it altogether now, and is devoting himself entirely to musical composition."

"He has contrived to make a very nice part for you," I insinuated with a foolish and gallant smile. But the smile was wasted upon the desert air.

"It was a good part," she said; "but so much new music has been added, so many new songs have been given to other characters, that my part has—how do you call it?—shrunk."

I sympathised duly with the natural grievance of a prima donna. It was an odd reversion of things. Her part remained the same; nothing had been taken away; but so much had been given elsewhere that she



MISS DIRKENS.

Photo by Hochdorf, Vienna.

had begun to wonder, like Stevenson's maiden lady, if she were to consider herself a prima donna at all.

"You like English audiences?" I inquired.

"Very much," she answered. "If an English audience likes a singer, they always show it so cordially, so—so—foolishly that—"; but here Mr. Glover began to clamour; ladies were called from the clothed boxes to the stage; Mr. Arthur Sturgess began to fly around; a general buzz arose. I shook hands quickly with Miss Dirkens, who threw back a laugh, and as I left the theatre I heard her singing to another man—a stage-player!—"Yes, yes, I love you so!"

"THE LITTLE GENIUS," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

For a thousand reasons, a good deal of expectation centred itself upon the production of "The Little Genius," at the Shaftesbury Theatre, on Thursday night. It was known that the late Sir Augustus Harris had lavished a world of trouble and expense to ensure its success; he had brought from Vienna Miss Annie Dirkens. Postponements had one by one been made in its production, and, to crown all, came the



AS PAOLA IN "THE LITTLE GENIUS."

Photo by R. Krzizanek, Vienna.

death of the impresario. Then the piece was transferred to another proprietor and to a new theatre, and finally it was produced. Here was enough to rouse an expectation that made the comparative failure of the work a double disappointment. It promised well at first; the plot seemed a pleasant pretence, and gave fair opportunities to various actors of known popularity. The first act accordingly went hopefully enough. The first part of the second act was merely dull, but might have been saved by some happy accident or unexpected brilliance in the second part. At all events, the audience had not utterly lost interest in the thing. At this point, where anything in the nature of a serious incident would have ruined the cleverest comic opera in the world, what was apparently a gravely melodramatic part was introduced, and, Samson-like, dragged down the pillars of the piece amid roars of inextinguishable laughter. Nothing could have been less fortunate; for, in a twinkling, the lethargy of an indulgent audience was turned into active derision and contempt. It can only be said in excuse that the part of Lord Lomond searching for his long-lost daughter might have been intended as a comic exaggeration, although it was wholly unnecessary; but in the hands of Mr. C. P. Little it became completely unnatural and silly. When he gravely observed concerning that long-lost daughter, "I can identify her by the dates," the fate of "The Little Genius" was sealed.

Always excepting the additional numbers by Mr. James M. Glover and Mr. Landon Ronald, the music of Herr von Taund, though neat and clean, is of a childish and bygone period in art. It may please in Vienna; in London such sweetness as it may have is wasted on the desert air. Perpetual dance-tunes, perpetual symmetries of the most obvious kind, simulated high spirits—these are not the musical qualities which are likely nowadays to appeal to a London audience. It was all too thin and trivial. Miss Dirkens made a gallant attempt to achieve the impossible in the principal part; she has a charming though not very various voice, and her vivacity and gaiety were very attractive. At the end, however, even she fell under the deadening influence of the terrible Lord Lomond. Mr. Lonnen in the part of a musical impostor was at times exceedingly comic, and from beginning to end he worked with endless energy and conscientiousness. Mr. Harrison Brockbank was a typical sentimental tenor, and Mr. Arthur Williams and Mr. W. Cheeseman took thankless parts of the ingratitude of which they appeared not to be aware; Miss Maggie Roberts made an interesting foil to Miss Dirkens, and Mr. Glover conducted with singular success.

"THE COUNTESS GUCKI," AT THE COMEDY.

It is very vexing that one is rarely able to see either of the three great actresses who honour London with yearly visits in plays that are attractive in themselves. Madame Bernhardt is, perhaps, the worst sinner, and this season her fortnight of stale plays has attracted little attention. No doubt Miss Rehan is not so much to be blamed, since she is not her own mistress. It is, however, none the less irritating to find that for half the season she is to be the Countess Gucki. For the Countess is a part which, time after time, under this name and that, Miss Rehan has given to us—given it brilliantly, irresistibly, no doubt. One is not willing to see the thoroughbred drawing a cab, and yet it is the aptest simile that comes. The "new comedy" is not bad in its way; the foundation is slight, and some of the humour mechanical, but there are clever scenes, and some passages prettily written; yet, after all, it is but an uneven farcical comedy that does not demand or deserve a Rehan; indeed, there is a Miss Alice Maitland who did very clever work several years ago in trial matinées, and showed more of the Rehan gift than anyone I know, who could have played the part for all that it is worth. Unluckily, you cannot put more than a quart into the quart pot, and Mr. Daly and Miss Rehan are spending much of their lives in trying to prove that you can.

Why, alas! should Miss Rehan make such a guy of herself? The Carlsbad costumes of 1819 may have been fearful; still, it must be possible to find something less hideous and hideously unbecoming than her gowns and headgear. There were moments when, for the first time, I wondered why she fascinated the lady-killer who ends by winning her after playing with "cards on the table." Mr. Richman, the new leading man, like all since Drew departed, has a hard fight to hold his own—a hard fight, and not quite successful. However, if in order to stand up to the brilliant, overwhelming actress he has to force his work and play heavily, he at least shows no small technical skill as well as rich natural gifts of person. Another new-comer, Mr. Edwin Stevens, seems to me to be an abler actor—indeed, his work as an old officer sincerely in love with the heroine was done charmingly, and his scenes with the Countess gave no little grace to the play. Mrs. Gilbert's part is shorter than usual, but she left a sharp, clear impression of the shrewish Clementina, and Mr. James Lewis seemed to enjoy his work



MR. CHARLES RICHMAN AS BRUNO VON NEUHOF.

as her downtrodden husband almost as much as did the audience, which is saying a great deal. Mr. Sidney Herbert seemed undecided in style; the others were all, I think, new-comers; of them the most promising seems to be Miss Mabelle Gillman.

NOTE.

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A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, Ay at anything we see."

The bicycle has marked me for its own! After much scornful boasting of independence, I am even more submissive than the captive who was tied to the Roman chariot. Perched upon a minute fragment of leather, I make believe to control the *Zeit-Geist* which inhabits the uneasy front wheel, while a lean, pale instructor, who seems to live in a flannel shirt, cheers my curves and undulations with thinly veiled irony. Often have I paced the deck of an ocean steamer, when Atlas, the mythological gentleman who kindly sustains our globe on his back, was evidently tossing it up and catching it on a fork, as the juggler does with a ball every evening at the Tivoli. There was always a capstan or a passing steward to cling to then; but when I am wobbling on the *Zeit-Geist*, I feel like the plaything of infinite space, with the uncertain chance of gripping a trapeze between Mars and Jupiter! The only sensation of anything concrete is in the ankle-bones, which are viciously scraped by passing missiles, possibly meteors; and then the voice of the instructor, plainly a jesting myrmidon of the solar system, remarks, "Foot too much on the pedal!" I offer up a feeble remonstrance to the sportive planets, and the voice murmurs, "Bad for ankles at first, everybody's ankles, ladies' ankles." What! Is it possible that those shapely delights are battered like this? The pathos of it stirs me to revolt. I fling myself off the saddle, and take the instructor neatly in the abdomen. "All right," he gasps. "You're getting on; it will come to you all of a sudden!"

At such a moment I bethink me regretfully of a horse I once had the honour of knowing. True, he did not treat me with scrupulous consideration. As soon as I was on his back he set off at the top of his speed for about three miles. On my part the performance was an involuntary imitation of John Gilpin; and the populace of a village on the route took it in the same light, declining to regard me as a patriotic messenger bringing good news from Ghent. I bore the steed no grudge, for I understood his impatience with a novice. Had we become better acquainted, he would have been sorry for his behaviour. A horse, I believe, soon learns to adapt himself to his rider's moods, is impetuous or pensive, as occasion requires, and is easily taught to be ashamed of irrational haste. Not so the *Zeit-Geist* of the bicycle. It is the mission of this time-spirit to teach the beginner that he is a mere fly on the wheel of fate; and when he is told that the mastery will come to him "all of a sudden," he hears in a single phrase all the mockery of the ages.

Turgénev speaks somewhere of that "indefinite twilight period of regrets that are akin to hopes, and hopes that are akin to regrets, when youth is over, while old age has not yet come." It is not the period for sudden convictions, whether of sin or of the bicycle, though the hopes of one day's lesson are akin to the regrets of the next. The *Zeit-Geist* has no pity for slackened nerves. It is no use pleading the July thermometer; you are tipped over in a corner, while the instructor, consumed by the sulphur of suppressed oaths, grows almost diaphanous. Truly, the indefinite twilight is not the period for mounting from the step with grace and vigour. I am assured that it is not considered undignified by some cyclists to straddle across the bicycle and push off with one foot; but were I to suggest that to the instructor, flames would issue from his nostrils! At night I dream of vaulting into the saddle like an elastic young athlete, and of finding the pedals without searching the universal air with blind heels; but with the morrow's sun the twilight begins again, and I quail before the instructor's sardonic eye. Can it be that when old age arrives I shall be fearfully wagging a white beard at Battersea over an oscillating wheel, with the wraith of my instructor whispering, "It will come all of a sudden, never fear"?

Some reverend gentleman, preaching about cycling lately, expressed the belief that it would take away dyspepsia, which was the root of agnosticism and other spiritual evils. Perhaps cycling will make optimists of the people who are discussing "why the clergy are not loved," and why churchgoing is in a decline. One of the unloved complains that, while we take our law from lawyers and our architecture from architects, we refuse to take our religion from clergymen. The analogy seems a little weak. I have known people very discontented with their lawyers, though unwearied in litigation; strong things are sometimes said about architects; nay, the law itself—such is the virulence of dyspepsia—has been described on high authority as "a hass." What can theology expect from this iconoclastic spirit,

especially when the theologians freely apply to one another epithets which do not savour of Christian concord? Still, who knows that cycling, if practised by the parsons, would not make brotherly love "come all of a sudden," even among the Churches? Canon Shuttleworth says that what the average clergyman needs is more "reading and thinking." Well, those pursuits are rather dangerous for the surpliced mind; they are apt to lead to dyspepsia. Mr. Spurgeon, a very shrewd man, warned his pupils against the specious charms of literature and philosophy. It is much safer for the young divine to go cycling; he might make himself loved by adding a Bicycle Sunday to the ecclesiastical calendar; he might even turn instructor, and help me to subdue the *Zeit-Geist*!

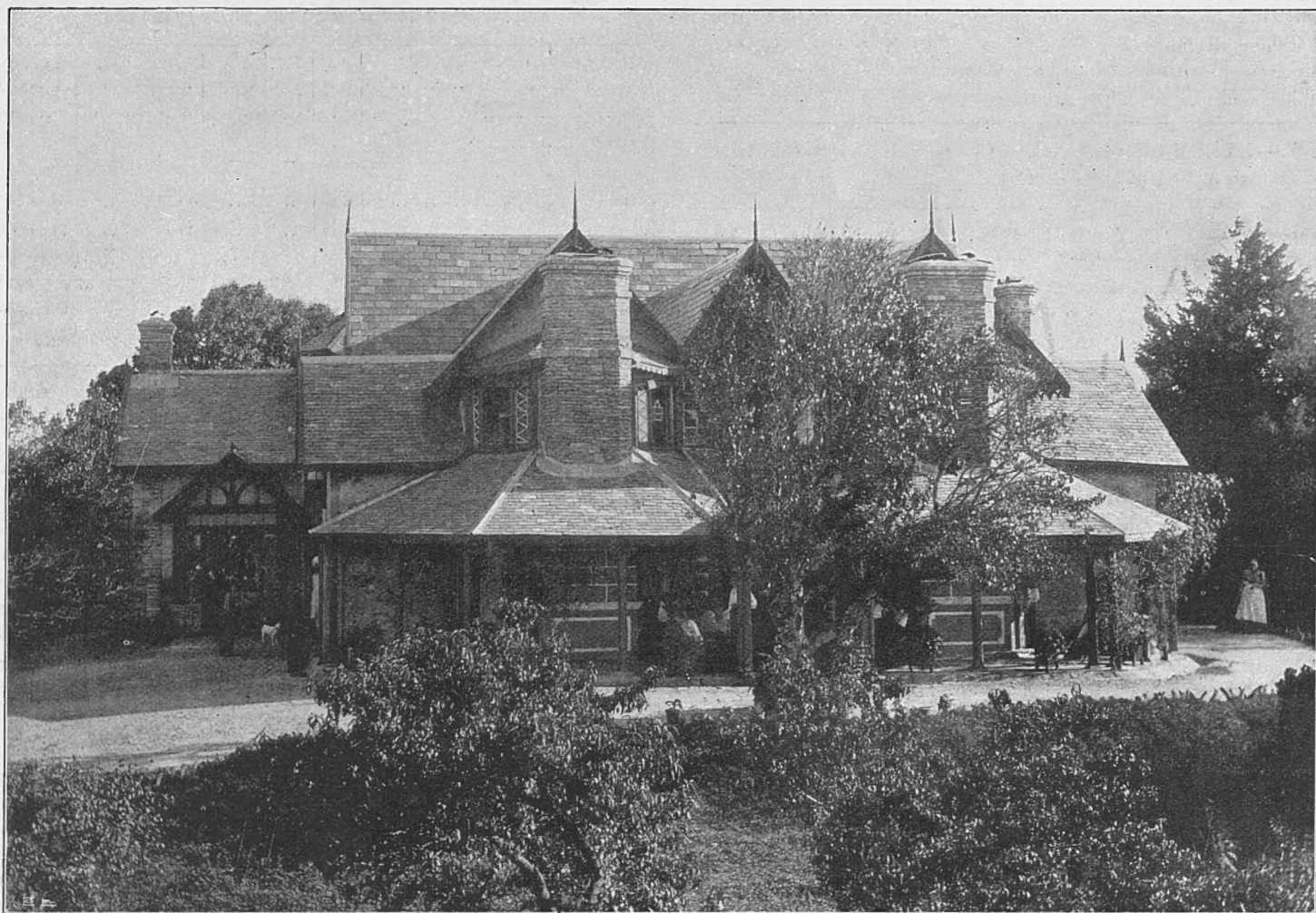
If dyspepsia be the source of so much mischief, then the bicycle may yet be the means of reforming our financial system. Is it conceivable that the Income Tax Commissioners could ride at Battersea every morning without feeling "all of a sudden" the degradation of their office? A protest has recently been made in the House of Commons against the harpy-like finance which taxes precarious earnings on the same scale with interest on capital. Why wring eightpence in the pound out of the professional man when the same impost is levied on the opulent fundholder? The Chancellor of the Exchequer had the grace to acknowledge that the question was worthy of his attention. Perhaps he has yielded to the seduction of cycling, and recognises the voice of conscience in the tinkle of the speeding bell. Why should I pay eightpence in the pound on the humble emoluments I earn by pointing out to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach the path of duty? He may say—the dyspeptic Exchequer always says—that the graduation of the income tax by this discrimination between money which comes in automatically and money which has to be made by exhortation, prophecy, and other exercises of the higher faculties, would entail a loss to the revenue. Well, let him create new sources of national wealth. Let him put a tax on everybody who says "bike." Let the man who wants to say "bike" take out a licence for it, and produce the official document like a season-ticket for inspection by the proper authority.

In that delightful fantasy, "March Hares," which is said to have been written by Mr. Harold Frederic, trying to mystify the simple-minded reviewer by calling himself "George Forth," there is a sentence that comes home to the overtaxed scribe. "I thought at first," says the heroine to the new-found friend who has joined her in a wild scamper through fairyland, "I thought at first that you were a journalist; but they don't have cheque-books." Her companion's cheque-book performs astonishing feats. One cheque is cashed at a restaurant in Soho; another is accepted at a shop in Fleet Street in payment for a dressing-bag; a third persuades a chemist to fill the scent-bottles of the bag with his richest essences. I have not noticed such readiness among London tradesmen to do business in this way with unknown customers. But it is the young woman's remark about journalists which affects me most. They don't have cheque-books indeed! Why, one of these capacious volumes composes my portable library. In moments of exaltation I take it out of my pocket and turn over its unsullied leaves. What can be more suggestive of romance than the legend "Pay to the Order Of —"? I do not introduce the element of squalid realism by filling up the blank. It is pleasant to let the imagination roll up riches, and distribute them among the deserving. That I may indulge in this simple joy my bankers are good enough to send me this interesting book. It is like a luxuriant tree which remains tenderly green; it does not shed its leaves; nor do they turn to gold in the autumn, or at any other season.

Such a cheque-book ought, no doubt, to have practical uses. When I drop it with negligent grace on the counter of the chemist or the dressing-bag maker, it ought to inspire the purely commercial bosom with a passion for unlimited credit. Under a proper social system, I should pay for a dinner by waving the precious cheque-book airily at the waiter. If the Income Tax Commissioners were March hares, instead of vampires, they would see the indelicacy of expecting me to outrage the beauty of the volume by sending them a cheque for their iniquitous account. The journalist's cheque-book ought to be treated by the State as an Order of Merit, a token of personal dignity and æsthetic attainments. When we have driven this dyspepsia out of the body politic, the Exchequer will furnish me with the necessary duplicates of that masterpiece of literature, "Pay to the Order Of —," signed by a responsible official of Mammon, to whose name I shall offer frequent incense.

SUMMER AND WINTER IN INDIA.

Photographs by Gillmore Carter, Dalhousie.



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ST. MALO DIRECT FOR DINARD, ST. SERVAN, DINAN, RENNES, LAVAL, LE MANS, TOURS, NANTES, BREST, MORLAIX, ST. NAZAIRE, &c., leaving SOUTHAMPTON every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY at varying hours to suit the tide at St. Malo.

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RETURN FARES.		1st	2nd	3rd
		Class.	Class.	Class.
		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
LONDON to GUERNSEY or JERSEY and back	48 0	35 0	30 0
" " HAVRE and back	41 8	31 8	..
" " PARIS and back	56 8	40 8	..
" " ST. MALO and back	52 0	40 0	..
" " CHERBOURG and back	45 0	30 0	..
" " GRANVILLE and back	52 0	40 0	..
" " HONFLEUR, CAEN, or TROUVILLE and back (via Havre)	..	41 8	31 8	..

All Return Tickets available to return within two months, except Paris, which are limited to one month.

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Handbook giving every information forwarded on application to Mr. G. T. White, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station; Mr. John Dixon, Marine Superintendent, Southampton; or obtainable at the Company's Offices, 30, Regent Street, Piccadilly; 9, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross; Exeter Buildings, Arthur Street West, London Bridge; or Swan with Two Necks, Gresham Street, City. CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

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HARWICH-HOOK OF HOLLAND route to the Continent daily (Sundays included). Quickest route to Holland (to Amsterdam 11 hours) and cheapest to Germany.

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SMALL TALK.

The Queen is to come to town on Tuesday, and will return to Windsor on Thursday. The Boston Artillerymen are being fêted all round—at Windsor on Thursday and at Marlborough House on Friday.

An interesting presentation has been made to Mr. J. Lawson Johnston, the founder of Bovril, Limited, and vice-chairman of the company, by the head office staff and country branch managers on the occasion of his silver wedding. The gift, which took the form of a very handsome solid silver writing-set, complete with candlesticks, letter-scales, stamp-box, blotting-pad, &c., was richly engraved, bearing the recipient's crest, and was accompanied by an illuminated address. Mr. W. A. Harris, the secretary of the company, in making the presentation, remarked on the pleasant relations which always existed between employer and employed in the firm

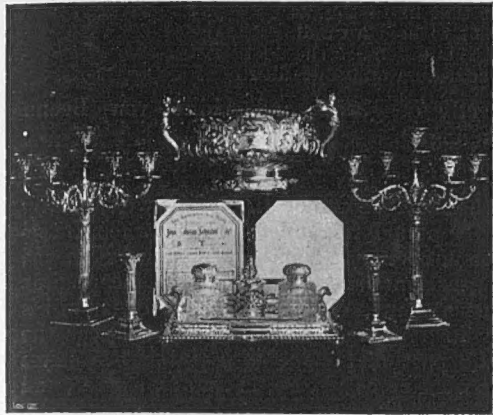


PLATE PRESENTED TO MR. J. LAWSON JOHNSTON.

of Bovril, Limited, and Mr. Johnston, in reply, said that the writing-set would always be numbered among his most treasured possessions—not so much for its intrinsic value, although he could see that was considerable, but as material evidence of the kindly feeling towards him which had prompted such a gift.

The London house of the late Sir John Pender is situated in what Horace Walpole—who was born there—once called the “Ministerialist Street,” Arlington Street, Piccadilly, to wit, and is on the “right side” of the way; that is to say, it overlooks the delightful slopes of the Green Park. Sir John's house is next door but one to Lord Salisbury's, and has a long, narrow garden running down to the park, its white-painted front being somewhat of a doll's-house type of architecture. Sir John Pender was an art patron, and in his London and country residences are many works of art. In Arlington Street there is a remarkably fine collection of modern pictures, among them Landseer's celebrated “Dead Stag” and his “Highland Shepherd in a Storm”; Turner's “Venice,” “Mercury and Argus,” and his “Wreckers”; the “Gipsies' Toilette” and the “La Gloria” of Philip; Delaroche's “Napoleon crossing the Alps”; Ary Scheffer's well-known “Francesca and Paolo”; and fine examples of Stanfield, Nasmyth, Creswick, Linnell, Ford, and Millais. Sir John's collections, should they come to the hammer, will make, I venture to prophesy, another of the record sales at Christie's historic rooms.

It is quite certain that the Yale crew are well satisfied with their reception in this country. They did not win at Henley, but, as they are sensible men, it has not occurred to them to think themselves ill-used. What, then, is the secret of Mr. Ballard Smith's discontent? Mr. Ballard Smith, who is London Correspondent of the *New York World*, and a very able journalist, has lived some time in London; yet he has the fixed idea that in sport fair play for American visitors is impossible. He telegraphed this opinion to his paper before the race at Henley, and I dare say there are readers of the *New York World* who will associate the defeat of Yale with Mr. Ballard Smith's prophetic judgment. In the English papers the warmest tributes have been paid to the pluck of the Yale men; but I suppose Mr. Ballard Smith will ascribe these to our perfidious hypocrisy. When a man has a bee in his bonnet it goes on buzzing.

Among the many pretty houseboats at Henley the charming decorations of *Kelpie I.* were specially noticeable; beautifully draped in soft blending colours, gay with flowers and foliage, and festooned with coloured lamps, it attracted general attention. Small wonder, for the owner of this delightful riverside habitation is Mr. Waring, of the well-known firm of decorators.

The gardens of Buckingham Palace, where the big party in honour of the approaching royal wedding was given last week, are about forty acres in extent, of which space some five acres are occupied by a piece of ornamental water. The grounds are skilfully laid out and planted with beautiful trees, and in the Queen's Summer-house are the eight frescoes from “*Comus*” which were painted by Eastlake, Macclise, Landseer, Dyce, Stanfield, Morris, Leslie, and Ross early in her Majesty's reign. The Buckingham Palace gardens are kept very private, and the glimpses of them to be obtained by the public from the tops of the numerous omnibuses that run up and down Grosvenor Place form the nearest approach to a view of them that can be obtained without great interest. Two large marquees close to one end of the lake were erected for the festivity referred to.

A statue for Sir Augustus Harris! No, we have had enough of statues. London is horribly over-statued already. A memorial of a man who earned the public gratitude should take a more rational form. Apart from the circumstance that statues are almost always bad, they suffer from their own monotony. You are weary of seeing the distinguished or heroic person eternally in the same attitude. If Shakspeare in Leicester Square could shift his position now and then, instead of leaning for ever on his elbow, we should find him more human. At first there might be some interest in a statue of “Gus” in the act of taking a “call”; but even that pleasant memory of him would pall after a while. I should want to see him seated at a table, as I saw him in the Café de la Paix on one occasion at three in the morning, when he discoursed on the utter inferiority of the ball we had just witnessed at the Opera to the balls at Covent Garden. His face wore a glow of confidence, a sort of transfigured conviction, and what sculptor could possibly give us that? No; it is no use making statues except of mythical and figurative people, such as Apollo, Mercury, and so on. Marble cannot commemorate the really sterling qualities of Augustus Harris.

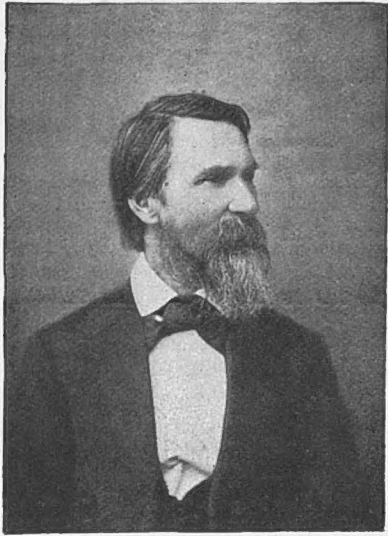
I recently met with a man who has been in jail. He wanted my good services; I required an account of his experiences. We were useful to each other. I learn that the “mill” is by no means a terror to an experienced sojourner in the land of Skilly. A practised jail-bird can take his turn on the wheel with little or no fatigue, and leave amateurs and conscientious criminals to do the real work. This is by means of an action that would take too long to explain, but of which prison authorities are quite cognisant. My informant went on to say that many habitual offenders are skilled ventriloquists, and that they have a well-understood code of signals by which they can sustain a conversation under the eye of helpless justice.



THE FINISH BETWEEN LEANDER AND YALE AT HENLEY.

Photo by Chester Vaughan, Acton.

Apropos of the visit of the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, I may note that Dr. Francis Andrew March, who recently received the honorary LL.D. of Cambridge and the D.C.L. of Oxford, can trace his pedigree to the *Mayflower* pilgrims. Born at Millbury, Massachusetts, he graduated at Amherst College, Massachusetts (1845), and, remaining



DR. FRANCIS A. MARCH.

there for some time as a tutor, studied law and entered the New York Bar. Having turned his attention to the study of languages, he was appointed Professor of English and Comparative Philology at Lafayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania, in 1857, a position he now holds. He has earned in his own country the highest position as a philologist, and was described by the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge as "the Nestor of American philology." He holds from Amherst, Princeton, and Columbia Colleges the honorary degrees of LL.D. and L.H.D. At Lafayette College he has also filled the office of Lecturer in the Law Department. He is a member of the American Philosophical Society, of which Franklin was the first president, of the New Shakspeare

Society in London, and is the only American member of the London Philological Society. He superintends the American work in the New English Dictionary. His contributions to learned societies in America, England, and Germany have been for a long time much valued, and his educational works are used in the chief Universities. His most important philological work is his "Anglo-Saxon Grammar" (1870), under which unpretending title seven languages, including Sanscrit, are comparatively and exhaustively treated. All European philologists have paid homage to this work, on which the Vice-Chancellor at Oxford bestowed the warmest encomium. Dr. March left England on June 27, in order to deliver his Presidential Address to the American Philosophical Association, which assembled on July 7, at Providence, Rhode Island. Dr. March and Mrs. March were the guests of Professor Skeat at Cambridge, and of Dr. Murray and the Vice-Chancellor at Oxford.

A correspondent tells me a quaint incident that occurred lately in connection with a fashionable Catholic wedding in the country. It so happened that among the gifts spread out for inspection on the day of the wedding, the eagle eye of a distinguished ecclesiastic chanced to espy an elegantly bound work by Zola—no other, indeed, than "Rome." Inquiries having been made as to the donor of the "improper" volume, it finally came out that an excellent and religious maid-servant of the bride's family, anxious to present something "pious," had, in all the fulness of her heart, hit upon this unfortunate book, taking it for granted that any writer dealing with such a subject must of necessity expound the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and enlarge upon the Pope of Rome, his infallibility, and his many virtues.

Miss Campbell Taylor, who made what was practically her debut before the London public at Mdlle. Alexandrine von Brunn's pleasant concert at the Queen's Hall last week, proved herself a notable recruit to the small rank of violoncellists of importance by the skill and fine musicianly quality with which she rendered a cantabile air by Bach, and a papillon by Herr Popper. Miss Campbell Taylor is a daughter of Dr. James Taylor, the distinguished organist to the University of Oxford. Though still very young, she has spent six years in Germany, studying under Herr Julius Klengel at Leipzig. Since her return to England last autumn she has played at the Crystal Palace and at Oxford. In the



MISS CAMPBELL TAYLOR.

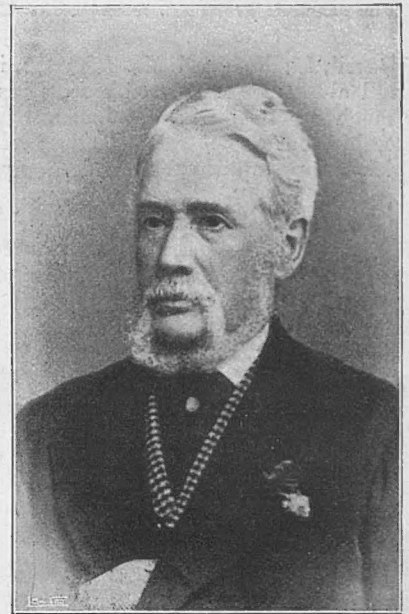
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

winter she gave a concert at the Steinway Hall; but as the small building was practically filled by her own friends, her appearance last week was to all intents and purposes her first appeal to the suffrages of the general public. Mdlle. von Brunn, the concert-giver, sang with taste and refinement, being at her best in her rendering of a couple of old-fashioned songs by Paradies and Bononcini. Neither of the songs had been heard before in England, which in the case of Bononcini is particularly deplorable, as he lived in London nearly as long as Handel, and was partly responsible for the well-known epigram—

Some say that Signor Bononcini
To Mynheer Handel is a nimny;
Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

Tweedledum's song is perfectly delightful, and Mdlle. von Brunn deserves many thanks for singing it.

While Glasgow is housing the Burns Exhibition, Edinburgh can boast of a lifelong resident who must be one of the very few remaining links that unite our day with the period in the last century when Burns was in the heyday of his fame in his native land. Mr. Samuel Kinnear, a much-respected retired octogenarian printer in the northern capital, is the possessor of a contemporary's opinion of the poet received from his father, who was born in Ayr in 1760, and was thus only a year the junior of Burns. "When the poet first came to Edinburgh," states Mr. Kinnear, "my father was working as a comp. in Smellie's office, and saw Burns arrive from Ayr with his 'copy' in his pocket for the Edinburgh Edition. My parent had expressed himself in regard to Burns 'that he was a man you might expect a good deal from; he had a very smart, lively look about him.'" While his poems were passing through the press Burns was an almost daily visitor at Smellie's, and was in the habit, Mr. Kinnear tells, "of whisking his whip about in dangerous proximity to the pressmen's noses, and seemed desirous to have it believed that he was a verdant country yokel: This was the opinion of Alexander Smellie, who was a lad about seventeen, when the poet thrashed his right leg with his whip as he strode through the case-room, the press-room being a portion of it, the presses being at the end farthest from the door—a poor-looking place. Burns, it is said, saw a comp. setting up a Latin work, on which he asked the man how many languages he knew. The answer came, 'I wush I kent my ain weel eneuch.' Burns, like many others, thought the comp. must be able to read and understand the languages he composes."



MR. SAMUEL KINNEAR.

Photo by Laurie and Mitchell, Edinburgh.

Over half a century ago Mr. Kinnear was himself engaged for a short time in Smellie's printing-office, which stood on a portion of the site now covered by the *Scotsman* buildings. It was much the same, he mentions, as when Burns first saw it—

There was the dingy room in which Smellie received the *élite* of Edinburgh's literary men; in it was still standing the three-legged stool on which Burns used to drink ale, read his proofs, and chaff his printer. At this occupation both Smellie and Burns were adepts, though the former was a somewhat rude and rough combatant. I believe, if I had thought of it, I might have set up a page of the "Poems" from the same old type in which they were printed, for the office was still as dingy, dark, and fusty as in the olden time, and the material did not seem to have been changed much. But, then (Mr. Kinnear plaintively concludes), Burns in the early 'forties was not by any means thought so much of as Burns in 1896; so the project did not at the time suggest itself to my mind.

By the way, the graves of three notable Dumfries journalists and minor poets, John McDiarmid, Thomas Aird, and William McDowall—the first-named the friend and executor of the poet's widow, the second "a man of as true and original if less varied genius," Gilfillan asserted, than Burns himself, and the third the most sympathetic annalist of the poet's connection with Dumfries—are severally situated in close proximity to the Burns mausoleum in St. Michael's churchyard.

One of the most interesting features of the Burns celebrations will be the laying of the foundation-stone of the National Memorial and Cottage Home at Mauchline to-morrow week. Among those who will be present are Miss Annie B. Burns and Miss Margaret Constance Burns Hutchison, the daughter and granddaughter of Lieutenant-Colonel George Glencairn Burns, the fourth son of the poet. There will be a great commemoration banquet, also a concert—held, by a strange irony, in the Temperance Hall—at which a grandnephew of Bonnie Jean will sing. Altogether, Burns will be lionised as much during the Centenary commemorations as he ever has been at all.

The Melbourne Exhibition Building, which stands in the Carlton Gardens, forms the most imposing landmark of the city and surroundings. The permanent buildings, which cover over thirteen acres, were erected in 1880 for the International Exhibition held in that year, and they were also the scene of the Centennial Exhibition of 1889-90. The building and grounds are now utilised for all the large galas and popular assemblies, and on April 21 of the present year over sixty thousand



NED KELLY'S ARMOUR.

persons paid to be present at the demonstration held to celebrate the Eight-Hours Anniversary. One wing of the building has been utilised for the reception of an Aquarium and Museum. The Aquarium, which has been built on the most scientific lines, under the superintendence and management of Mr. J. E. Sherrard, has proved most successful in every way. It has been an enormous financial success, and observations made in the tanks as to the life and habits of the fishes have been of great use to those engaged in the fishing industry.

Among other branches, that of fish propagation has taken a prominent place, and our illustration shows

the method of stripping the ova from English trout. Among the curiosities in the adjoining museum will be found the iron armour worn by Ned Kelly, the chief of the famous, or rather, infamous, band of outlaws known as the Kelly Gang, which was the terror of the North-Eastern district until their final destruction at Glenrowan. For some considerable time this gang held the police and all authority at defiance. They were finally brought to bay by the police, under Superintendent Hare, after a stubborn resistance. Three members of the gang were killed, and Ned Kelly taken alive and afterwards executed. It was on this occasion that the members of the gang appeared in the armour here exhibited, which was made by a local blacksmith from old mould-boards. The excitement in Melbourne may be judged by the telegrams appearing in the public press headed "Outlaws in Armour."

Visitors to the Earl's Court Exhibition—and their name is legion—should not miss the Brahmin illusion, "Nirvana." I went there the other evening in search of digestion, after dining more well than wisely at the Old Welcome Club. My fears were of a regulation side-show—all sound and no sense. My fears were unfounded. The illusion deals very effectively with the world-wide and world-old belief in transmigration of souls. We see a Hindoo widow enjoying the privileges of suttee—that is, being burnt alive. When she has disappeared her ashes evolve a butterfly, the butterfly becomes a rose, the rose a dove, and then the dove rose and became a plaster figure. Finally, the figure acquired wings and the outward and visible form of the lady originally cremated. The clever Brahmin lecturer, who spoke to us in remarkably good English, then announced that the lady was purified and fit to enter into eternal bliss. The moral of this is presumably that the inferior sex needs a deal of preparation for Paradise; but "Nirvana" is good, and should be seen.

There are at this time of the season some hundreds of cats cast adrift by unkind owners to shift for themselves as best they can, and at last to die of starvation, if not rescued by some kind, humane person. Thus it is well to remember that the West London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals established a home at College Park, Harrow Road, in 1889, for the purpose of housing and feeding the poor creatures. Thousands of cats and dozens of dogs have been sheltered there since its establishment; eventually, homes are found for those not diseased. No cat or dog is destroyed unless a misery to itself and contamination to others. Cats are taken there in a most pitiable condition—mere skeletons, some with broken legs and scarred backs. The secretary is making an appeal for help to carry on this very humane work.

I overheard a charming piece of pseudo-classical information between the acts at Covent Garden the other night. The theme was the appearance of Helen of Troy in Boito's splendid opera, "Mefistofele," and the tit-bit of news that roused my mirth was the statement that the fickle wife of Menelaus was the ancient Goddess of Beauty. Rather hard lines on poor Aphrodite, I think.

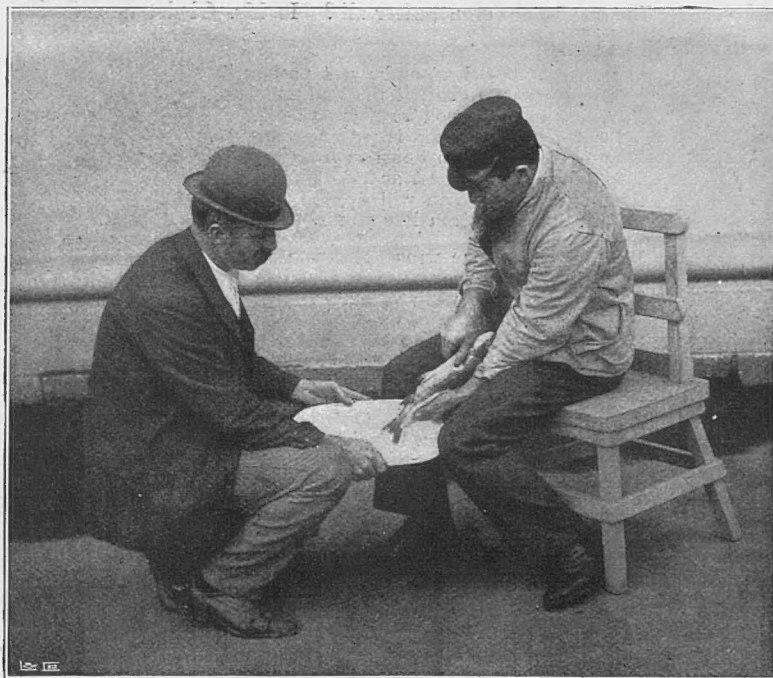
A drama brought out the other day is called "The Antipodes," a title which promises a good deal with its picturesque comprehensiveness.

"Vanishing London" is a by no means infrequent head-line in Metropolitan journals. Old bits of London are doubtless continually disappearing, but why should Londoners add to these possibly necessary disappearances by doing away with the time-honoured names of places that are still allowed to exist? Some folks a short time since desired to get rid of that ancient suburb Shepherd's Bush, or, at least, the name of it, and for some time past the dwellers in Brompton Crescent have described it on their note-paper as Brompton Crescent, Egerton Gardens, though why there should be any objection to Brompton Crescent, S.W., I for one am at a loss to know. Old Brompton has almost disappeared, having been swallowed up by devouring South Kensington; but such places as Brompton Square and Crescent, Brompton Hospital, and Brompton Cemetery still preserved our recollections of the dear old artistic haunt of thirty years ago. Alas! Brompton Crescent has disappeared from the scene, and the place where Incledon, England's greatest ballad-singer, died in the early part of this century, where Planché, Somerset Herald and writer of extravaganzas, dwelt for twenty years, where the venerable authoress Mrs. Bray lived for so long (she died there only thirteen years ago), has blossomed out into Egerton Crescent, and has made London the poorer by many an interesting reminiscence, for who will associate Egerton Crescent with the literary and artistic glories of the past? I suppose the Brompton Square folks will want ere long to live in Egerton Square, and then we shall lose touch with theatrical memories of even greater interest than those that I have referred to, for George Colman the younger, William Farren the elder, Liston, the original "Paul Pry," Henry Luttrell, the wit and dinner-out of a former generation, all were "at home" in Brompton Square. It is bad enough to have Old London "improved" away by the relentless hand of the builder; for Heaven's sake let the authorities retain the old-world names of such places as they allow to remain in existence.

Talking of changes in names of London streets, a friend of mine asked me, the other day, if I had seen the changes made in Old Palace Yard, and the opening up of the south-eastern portion of the Abbey. I answered that I had, and had commented on those improvements in this column, remarking on the ragged-looking side-face that Mr. Labouchere's house presented. My friend informed me that this had now been neatly pointed off, and suggested that the thoroughfare should be renamed Little Britain. On my very natural inquiry as to why he made this extraordinary suggestion, he answered me with the following uncomplimentary lines—

This spot
Should not
Old Palace Yard be written,
Though lying near to Palace and to Abbey.
Of names
It claims
The one of Little Britain;
Here lives the chief of Little Britons, Labby.

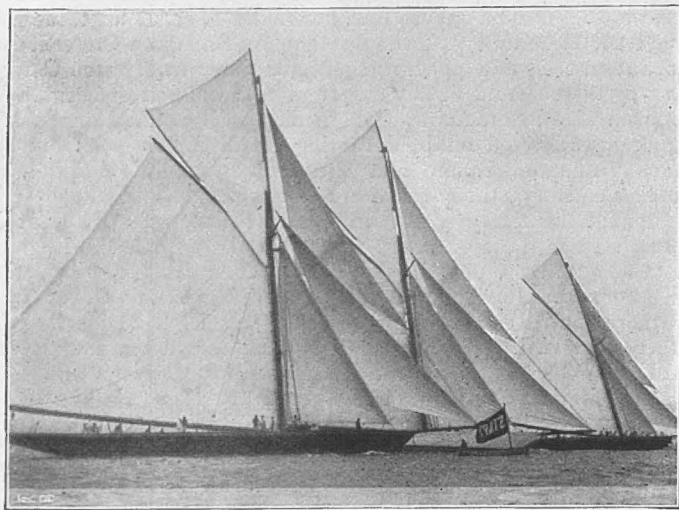
The fête in the old garden of the Middlesex Hospital, which I mentioned some weeks ago in this column, was a great success. In the afternoon a fashionable crowd welcomed the Duke and Duchess of York, who, I am informed, were much pleased with the pretty appearance of the pleasure, which in the evening, under the skilful treatment of



STRIPPING ENGLISH TROUT OF OVA AT THE MELBOURNE AQUARIUM.

Messrs. Brock and Co., became one of the prettiest fairylands that I have seen for many a day. The band of the Royal Engineers enlivened the proceedings both morning and evening, there were concerts and other entertainments, and the financial results to the charity were of an extremely satisfactory character.

Here is a clever snapshot of the start of the large cutters *Britannia*, *Ailsa*, and *Satanita*, at the opening of the Clyde yachting carnival. It is doubtful whether a closer or a finer start has been witnessed at any regatta. According to the official timekeeper, Mr. D. McGregor, who



"BRITANNIA," "AILSA," AND "SATANITA" AT THE CLYDE CARNIVAL.

was on board the Commodore's steam-yacht *Greta*, all three boats were crossing the line within ten seconds after gun-fire, and with no more than four seconds between first and last.

Mr. Gladstone is, in quite an airy mood, discussing "Man-making and Verse-making" in the current *New Review*. And yet there is just a touch of acerbity in his reminiscences of balladmongers. After remarking that he is the recipient of a large number of presented works, "often of lively or enduring interest, through the courtesy of authors, and likewise of publishers," he says—

When the form of a book offers itself to my eye or hand, the first feeling is a sense of uncertainty or of curiosity, often to be followed by interest and gratitude; but if at that very first stage the eye discovers that it is a volume of poetry, then I admit that the initial encountering sentiment changes to dismay. I have, indeed, received from authors gifts of poetry both rare and precious. But, if we define a poet (or poetess) to be one who has published one or more volumes in verse, then the poets who have dawned upon England (or Great Britain) within the last forty or fifty years are, as I believe, counted in four figures—that is, by the thousand. Of these there are a very few with certain fame before them.

Just think of those Hawarden post-cards that the minor poet has got! But Mr. Gladstone, I think, is speaking his real heart now. I can't help contrasting his attitude, however, with that of Walter Pater, who had a section in his library devoted to distinctly minor contemporary poetry, presentation copies, for which he always had a tender heart. He once said—

To part with a book containing an inscription of personal regard, affection, or homage, is to me like throwing on to the high-road rare blooms brought from a distance by kind or loving friends.

And yet, are the two so different, after all? Is Mr. Gladstone suffering from temporary indisposition?

O prince of the short and sweet post-card
Which often has cheered the budding bard,
Pray tell me why you're now so hard
On the man who is making verses?
You've knocked him down in your grand old way,
You jump on his chest and his listless lay,
And the pipes of Pan will decline to play
When a patron like you asperses.

Has the Muse gone wrong that you scoff at song
As piped by the ruck of the rhymester throng,
That you ply the whip with its leathern thong
On Pegasus, panting tritely?
That you lay the axe to the fruitful tree
Of verse that falls short of the late Lord T.,
Though the authors have sent you their volumes free—
And you always accept politely.

Remember the post-cards you've spread broadcast
To the minor Muse in the days gone past,
Then wherefore this stormy counterblast
On the bards you have helped to favour?
Has the great Bishop Butler soured your mind
'Gainst the poor little niggling poet kind?
Has the "Hawarden Horace" but made you blind
To the charm of the bard's palaver?

O Mr. Gladstone, tell me true—
You've got two sides, but which of the two,
The sweet post-card or the *New Review*,
Is really your own opinion?
Say which is the light and which is the dark,
To whom shall we list or decline to hark,
And give us the vision to mark the lark
That soars on a lofty pinion.

Last week in the Park I met a South African who, after many years' hard work, completed a fortune last year, and has settled in England.

We discussed very many things, and he told me of an approaching visit to Homburg. "Well, all this is better than Johannesburg," I suggested, at which the very diamonds on his fingers quivered with emotion. "Don't say that," he said; "since I've been over here I've put on two stone in weight, I've developed a liver, had influenza, and suffered from ennui by day and night. Men and women who have been accustomed to do nothing all their lives find this existence tolerable; but I've been used to hard work and few holidays. I'm degenerating. A fortune is the finest thing to work for, the very worst thing to obtain!" Further conversation revealed the fact that at least one man in the world has spent twenty years in pursuit of wealth and been disappointed with it after all. Of course, I suggested that he should settle all he has acquired upon me and start the world afresh, with clear conscience and a stock of philosophy, but my friend wriggled out of the position. He said that six months in London had deprived him of his native energy, on which account he declined my offer with thanks. And such is life.

Viscount Portman, Vice-President of the Middlesex Hospital, has contributed £1000 towards the establishment of the Convalescent Home at Clacton-on-Sea.

It is a quaint and curious custom that the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom has revived in the pilgrimage to the shrine of A'Becket at Canterbury which called forth Chaucer's wonderful story. Last week two hundred and eighty of the Ransomers ran down by a special train to Canterbury, where they were joined by contingents from distant and adjacent places, so that in the beautiful procession through the streets there must have been quite one thousand pilgrims. The glaring rays of the warm sunshine scintillated on the banners of the Guild, which have been to Lourdes, Boulogne, Bruges, York, and elsewhere, and made a brilliant spectacle, which all Canterbury went out to see; and the Roman acolytes in scarlet and white added bright gleams of colour here and there. Father Fletcher, founder and Master of the Guild, in the Council of which he receives the assistance of Mr. Lister-Drummond, of the Temple, and Mr. C. F. Emery (the treasurer), led the way, preceded by crucifix and torch-bearer, the whole procession chanting with much fervour the "Ave Maria." The relic of the martyr was devoutly kissed by all in the Church of St. Thomas, and then the large company repaired to the Cathedral, and, kneeling on the bare stone floor, silently recited the Rosary. Subsequently Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J., brother of the Cardinal, discoursed eloquently in the Catholic Church on the subject of the pilgrimage. And then once again the streets rang with hymns on the return to the station, thus concluding one of the most successful visits to the famous city. The Canterbury folk looked on respectfully, with curiosity and interest, and the pilgrims felt grateful for that neutrality, which enabled them thus publicly to express their devotion unmolested. It is a pretty custom.

Mdlle. Nelidova, whose portrait recently appeared in these pages, has been dancing with great success before the Czar in a grand ballet by M. Petipas, entitled "Les Deux Perles," during the recent Coronation festivities. Her work, "Letters upon the Ballet" (the modern Noverre), will shortly be available in the English language, having been translated for publication by Mr. Frank Parkinson.



H.M.S. "HYACINTH'S" GIG.

A curious Robinson Crusoe sort of ship was the twenty-foot gig belonging to H.M.S. *Hyacinth*, as rigged during a fifty-seven days' sea trip for the annual regatta at Victoria. Her sail area was just over two hundred square feet; the height from main truck to gunwale 14 ft. 6 in.

Mrs. Keveth, of Garrow, St. Breward, Cornwall, is a remarkable woman, for no fewer than seven of her sons are serving in the Army.

The photograph of Mrs. Keveth by Colonel Knox, commanding 32nd Regimental District, which I reproduce, was submitted to the Queen, who in return has presented Mrs. Keveth with a picture of herself and ten pounds. Sir Arthur Bigge, in thanking Colonel Knox, wrote as follows—

Her Majesty considers that the fact of seven sons of one family serving in the Army, all with exemplary characters, reflects infinite credit on themselves and on the parents who have brought them up. The Queen desires that you will congratulate Mrs. Keveth, give her the ten pounds and framed print of her Majesty which I send herewith, and tell her how glad the Queen is to think of this fine example of good and honourable service to their sovereign and country from the sons of



MRS. KEVETH.

a single Cornish home. Her Majesty has kept the photograph of Mrs. Keveth which you sent me, and would be glad to have one of the seven brothers in a group; but, if this cannot be obtained, of each separately.

As a matter of fact, this home can claim nine sons in the Service, for the two daughters, being unable to enlist, did the next best thing, and married soldiers. The first son to serve under the Queen's colours was the eldest, who enlisted in the Royal Marines in 1878, and served on H.M.S. *Champion* throughout the Egyptian War, receiving the medal and clasp. The other six sons are in the regiment of their county, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. Two of them are serving with the first battalion at Lucknow, the scene of the regiment's famous stand during the Mutiny; two are with the 2nd Battalion at Newry, and two others are at Bodmin. On the 4th inst., in Queen's weather, the soldiers were paraded in review order at the Dépôt, all the officers of the staff being present, including Colonel Knox. At the conclusion of the usual inspection, Mrs. Keveth was called forward from a secluded corner of the ground, where she was sitting with one of her sons. Colonel Knox, addressing Mrs. Keveth, said he was emboldened to approach her Majesty because he knew that she always took a deep interest in all the affairs of her subjects in their times of joy and sorrow. He hoped the day was not far distant when Cornwall would be able to claim a regiment recruited entirely in the county. He then handed Mrs. Keveth the Queen's cheque and portrait, the latter being handsomely framed and surmounted with the Royal crown. He had had Sir Arthur Bigge's letter appropriately framed, and this he also handed



COLONEL KNOX READING HER MAJESTY'S LETTER TO THE SOLDIERS.

to Mrs. Keveth, who was too much affected by the ceremony to say anything by way of thanks; but her face was more eloquent than mere words. Then the band played the National Anthem, and the men were dismissed. Subsequently Mrs. Keveth and two of her sons were entertained at the officers' mess. The royal recognition of

this unique incident was all the more welcome to the officers of the regiment because it has served to call attention to the fact that Cornish youths do not come forward for service with the colours. Of the present rank and file of two thousand men only seventeen per cent. are Cornishmen, most of the men being Londoners.

Candidates for Sandhurst have to stand a *viva-voce* examination in the French language. An examiner recently asked a candidate what French books he had read. "Monte Cristo," was the reply. Presently the wily examiner, learning that the candidate had been to Marseilles, suddenly said, "Did you go to the Château D'If?" "No, I stayed at a hotel." "Why didn't you go to the Château D'If?" "Because I didn't know the proprietor!" Another candidate answered "Oui, monsieur," to the question "Parlez-vous Français?" and "Non, monsieur," when asked, "Parlez-vous Anglais?" A favourite ambush of the examiner deluded many innocents. "Avez-vous des sœurs dans l'armée anglaise?" "Oui," said the brothers of these imaginary Amazons. One smart youngster, however, winked his eye and responded, "Non, monsieur; parce que la Nouvelle Femme n'entre pas l'armée!"

The proprietors of my enterprising contemporary the *Regiment* have lost no time in showing the practical interest they intend to make manifest in all that tends to perfecting our Regulars and Volunteers in the science of musketry, and with this view they have presented two massive silver cups (one of which we illustrate) for competition at the forthcoming Army Rifle Meeting, Aldershot, and the National Rifle Association Meeting, Bisley. The larger of the two handsome trophies, which is valued at fifty guineas, has been devoted to a competition at the Army Rifle Meeting between teams of eight, open only to Regulars, and should produce a keen and exciting struggle for the possession of a trophy of which any regiment may feel justly proud who may become the holders. The smaller cup, value twenty-five guineas, is devoted to an unsquadded competition at the Bisley Meeting of the National Rifle Association, open to Volunteers, and, as it will be won outright, the struggle for its possession will be equally keen. The cups are the work of Messrs. Mappin and Webb.



CUP PRESENTED BY THE "REGIMENT."

"Two things I will ask you to remember—first, that you are all sons of soldiers; secondly, that at this very early period of your life you are privileged to wear the Queen's uniform." Thus said Lord Wolsley to the "Dukies," the boys of the Duke of York's School. This was after he had inspected the 530 boys, perfectly drilled, who paraded and exercised before him. He had no fault to find, pronounced it all "excellent," and warmly shook hands with each prize-winner as he came up amid cheers from his tiny comrades. He made many soldiers that summer day. Special cheers greeted his allusions to the Commandant, Colonel A. W. Forrester, who was wounded in Burma, shot through the lungs; and the Adjutant, Captain E. C. Thomas, who fought in the Soudan in 1885; and a real, hearty cheer went up when he came to the name of the "ten-minutes' sermon" Chaplain, the Rev. G. Andrews, an old T.C.D. man, who is vastly popular with his boys.

Of 550 boys, 530 paraded. The boys will have to wait until next year for the presentation of new colours. Those they now carry and salute are seventy-five years old—rags and tatters of the Georgian period. I take leave to say that the Commander-in-Chief, possibly owing to his Irish origin, is as good an orator as he is a soldier. In his discourse he forgot no name, nor was any allusion or reference to the individual work of the officers of the institution omitted. Anyway, he sent away some five hundred boys to their holidays full of military ambition.

At the Sports, the band came from the Royal Military School of Music (Kneller Hall), for all band-boys of the "Duke's" were entered for various events. The boys who join the band are privileged to remain until they are fifteen, so as to extend their musical training—all the other boys leaving the school at fourteen. So well is the "Duke's" band known that colonels of regiments constantly apply for musical recruits to strengthen their bands. You see, the young musician comes not only as a bandsman, but a little trained soldier, so he is in constant request. The little drum-major, who twirls his stick as they march, with the orthodox curvings (put this into proper military language if you like), is a highly important personage. This year his name is Monitor Morgan, and he has just got a brand-new bearskin, at a cost, as he proudly informed me, of seven guineas. He did not wear his bearskin when winning the "quarter" and many other events.

Everyone must have been struck of late by the appearance on the bookstalls of a large number of works on Natural History. Almost on every stall one may see "The Royal Natural History," issued in parts by Frederick Warne and Co., a new and greatly improved edition of Cassell's "Natural History," and Lloyd's "Natural History," which, however, is only a more popular form of Allen's "Naturalist's Library," a work recently published in a more expensive manner by Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co. These will soon be augmented by popular editions of the Rev. F. O. Morris's works on Natural History. Besides these more systematic treatises, one may notice many smaller works dealing with the lighter side of Natural History, such as Mr. C. J. Cornish's "Animals at Work and Play" and "Life at the Zoo." Such a large issue of new publications dealing with Natural History must mean that the taste of the British public in popular science is undergoing a rapid change. For the last thirty years they have been devouring all sorts of boiled-down Darwinism, Weismannism, and many other "isms," but now they mean to refresh themselves with the healthy study of Field Natural History that was in vogue before Darwin's day. There is no comparison, however, between the old works and the new. A great reduction in the cost and improvement in the finish of illustrations have allowed the present publishers to produce books of which our fathers dared not even dream.

Among the most successful workers for the Actors' Orphanage Bazaar was Noble, Mr. Lionel Hume's magnificent St. Bernard, who, with a bag of leaf-green satin suspended from his neck by ribbons of the same colour



"BEAUTIFUL BOUNTIFUL BERTIE."

Photo by Fall, Baker Street, W.

to receive the money, perambulated with stately tread among the crowd, or sat on his own special dais, calmly receiving caresses and coins from everyone who was touched by his mute appeal. So successful was he that his master handed in forty pounds to the fund as the result of his three days' labours. Noble, a son of the celebrated Champion Grampian, is a handsome golden sable with white markings. He is now six years old and of immense size and weight. Though possessing a temper of angelic sweetness, he is a splendid guard. He is remarkably intelligent, and quickly endears himself to all who know him; but his great love is reserved for his master, who fully responds to his devotion. Mr. Lionel Hume, the well-known baritone, has had many big offers for his dog, but no money will ever separate these firm friends. Like most of those gifted with great minds and strong affections, Noble has his one weakness—an intense aversion to poodles, and, by the irony of fate, his rival dog who worked for the fund was Mrs. G. Lowdell's Beautiful Bountiful Bertie, who certainly looked as if he knew more than a thing or two. This handsome and thoroughly up-to-date poodle did good service as a salesman, and brought much grist to the mill, and by judicious management no unpleasant encounter which might have ended in a tragedy took place. Unlike Noble, who has never appeared at any dog-show, Beautiful Bountiful Bertie has already had his successes there. He made his début at the Ladies' Kennel Association Show in Holland Park, when he was much admired, and where he won a prize in the leaping competition. In his home life he charms and amuses a large circle of admirers by his clever tricks, in which he displays wonderful intelligence.

To a Skye terrier fell the coveted distinction of winning the champion of champions challenge cup, offered for the best champion exhibited at the recent show of the Ladies' Kennel Association in Holland Park. Champion Wolverley Duchess, who is scarcely two years old, comes from the famous Wolverley Kennels. She is the daughter of Wolverley Fitz and Wolverley Bogie, and was bred by her fair mistress, Mrs. W. J. Hughes, who has taken numberless honours with her well-known dogs, and may be congratulated on being the owner of the leading kennel of winning Skyes in England.

What next? It is proposed to erect in London a terrestrial globe on the scale of one five-hundred-thousandth of nature—that is, a globe having a diameter of eighty-four feet, and showing the earth's surface on a scale of about eight miles to the inch. At Paris in 1889 a globe was exhibited of one-half the diameter, and therefore one-fourth the surface area, of this proposed one; but as the geographical matter was

treated very generally and without detail, a similar globe would probably not prove attractive in this country. On the proposed globe every geographical feature of importance will be shown and named, as will also be every city or town having five thousand inhabitants, and a large selection of others with a smaller population. The scale of the globe will not only permit of this being done, but, besides showing towns, according to population, in seven sizes of lettering, it will allow the



WOLVERLEY DUCHESS.

Photo by Bromwich, Bridgnorth.

larger cities to be drawn to scale, which will give a living interest to the globe. London, for instance, will on it cover a space rather larger than that of a penny. Cities with a population of over a hundred thousand will have their names very boldly lettered, so that anyone examining the globe can, by selecting a city known to him, quickly find the smaller places with which he may not be so well acquainted. The surface of the globe will contain 22,000 square feet, and would, if developed into a band one foot high, measure over four miles in length; but unless the globe can be made in a reasonable time it will be difficult to secure interest in it. By ordinary methods of map-making it would take a great number of years to construct the globe, if it could be constructed at all, for the parts first done would be out of date long before the final parts were commenced. A process has, therefore, been developed which, by fully utilising the skill we nationally possess in other directions, will permit of its construction in less than two years, and, afterwards, of its correction when desired. The globe will be examined from a spiral gallery running round



NOBLE.

Photo by Marsh Brothers, Henley-on-Thames.

and round it, to the upper end of which the spectator will be taken by an elevator, and, as the globe is slowly revolved, every portion of its surface will come into view. The patentee is Mr. T. Ruddiman Johnston, F.R.G.S., F.R.S.G.S.

"The Brunnhilde of the Bowery" is the flatteringly alliterative sobriquet bestowed upon one of the prime favourites of summer audiences in the New York roof-gardens.

The race to the North reaches another acute crisis this year, for though the rival companies have, I understand, come to an agreement not to race each other in the matter of speed, the East Coast people have fitted out a new corridor-train, which makes it impossible for the West Coast to lag long behind. The new train carries passengers from London at ten o'clock in the morning, catering mainly for the third-class travellers. Each train is composed of eight vehicles, each of which is sixty-five feet long, the total length of the train being over five hundred feet, its weight two hundred and seventy tons, while it accommodates three hundred people. You are enabled to travel from end to end of the train, for each carriage is connected with its fellow by an indiarubber vestibule. The great feature of the train is the introduction of a new type of carriage, which is divided by cross-partitions into three compartments, holding respectively twenty-three, sixteen, and fifteen passengers, the seats in the different saloons having their backs carried up only to the height of the passengers' heads. The corridor is in the centre. The carriages have clerestory roofs throughout, and are unusually wide, namely, eight feet and a half. It remains to be seen whether the British public, with its intense desire for privacy, will take to this innovation. The old corridor was a distinct advance, and the travelling public has taken kindly to it; but for such a long journey as that between London and Aberdeen many people will prefer a compartment more secluded than this. Personally, I am strongly in favour of the new car. I ran up to Edinburgh the other morning by the train, and in no time I found myself in Waverley Station—now in the depths of the most terrible chaos I have ever seen—not a bit tired-out by the eight hours' run. The last carriage of the train ends in a little circular platform, which invites the traveller to air himself and stretch his legs whenever he cares. I could tell you in greater detail all the other improvements in the new train; instead of reading that, however, you should try the trip to the North.

Seeing that the germ theory is now accepted as the great explanation of disease, it is not astonishing that specifics should be put on the market in rapid succession. The latest is called "Electrozone," which is a product of sea-water and electricity, and is manufactured by the British Electrozone Corporation at Seaham Harbour. For a long time scientists have known that the electrolysis of sea-water generates chlorine and its cognates, which are present in disinfectants, but not till now has the remedy been available in a form useful to the medical man and the sanitarian. The great advantage of the new specific is that it dissolves the albumen in which the germ exists and destroys that germ, whereas carbolic acid, perchloride of mercury, sulphuric acid, and the like coagulate the albumen. "Meditrina" is the pretty name by which the medical form of electrozone is known, and it may be used internally for many purposes.

I have already told my readers of the touch of gaiety which is added to the editorial life by the letters which are written by ladies. The latest gem that has come my way is that in which a lady sends me a perfect budget of verse. She says that she writes four or five poems weekly, and "so has a grand quantity by her," and she deals with "birds, flowers, human life, child-nature, love-songs, religious pieces, &c."

"All lovers of Provence will gaze with mixed feelings at the skeleton of "Good King René." *Sic transit gloria mundi.* When "the King of Jerusalem" himself with infinite care arranged for the fitting burial of himself and his wife, the gentle Isabelle of Lorraine, in his cathedral at Angers, he little thought that his bones would ever be disturbed by Republican iconoclasts. Curiously enough, the only real record of the beautiful monument erected in the fifteenth century is a drawing now at Oxford, and till last year no French antiquary seems to have awakened to the fact that the lead coffins of the King and Queen might yet be



THE NEW EAST COAST JOINT-STOCK DINING-CAR.

Photo by Thomson, Doncaster.

found. During the restoration of the chancel the workmen accidentally came across traces of the royal vault; but it was not till June 16 that the two coffins were solemnly opened in the presence of the Bishop of Angers. That of the King was immediately identified by the crown and sceptre, both of gilt copper. Little or no trace of the embalming process, which had been applied to both bodies, remained, and it is curious that while the King was evidently interred with all the insignia of his rank, no jewels were found about the skeleton of Queen Isabelle.

The tardy arrival in Holland, for the purpose of re-interment with pomp in the royal vault at Delft, of the remains of Philibert of Chalons, Prince of Orange, recalls to mind two of the greatest events of the sixteenth century. This ancestor of William the Silent and of our own William of Orange was lieutenant of Charles of Bourbon at the terrible Sack of Rome, and took over the command when the latter was shot by an arquebuss during the storm. For his share in the sack Philibert has been execrated by all pro-Medician historians; but he partly atoned for this by the services he rendered the Medici in the disastrous Siege of Florence. He indeed conducted the siege, but Fortune willed that he who had robbed Bourbon of the honours of the Sack should himself fall, also shot by an arquebuss, in a combat against Ferruccio, and that the keys of Florence should be yielded up to *his lieutenant*, Ferrante Gonzaga. There is still extant the medal struck by Orange in honour of Charles V. after the Sack, and his own death was attributed to the avenging wrath of God.



KING RENÉ OF LORRAINE.

Charles Morton's management of the Palace Theatre fills me with admiration. Not only does he give a good entertainment, but one that does not depend on sensations and is free from offence. He seeks talent rather than notoriety, and thereby gives his patrons what they cannot get elsewhere. Every few weeks the visitor finds something fresh, and the veteran manager's successes have been eagerly copied by other houses; while to his credit, be it said, he dispenses with certain turns in which the interest is marred by grave suspicion of cruelty. I refer to the performing-animal shows. They are not missed. A very pleasing artist, at present exclusively engaged at the Palace Theatre, is Mdlle. Marguerite Cornille, whose well-trained voice loses nothing by reason of the foreign accent, who can sing prettily, act daintily, and wear charming costumes well. If my recollection serves me truly, Mdlle. Cornille's first appearance at an important house was made in "Cinderella" at Drury Lane last Christmas. I recollect seeing and admiring the graceful little lady, and fearing lest when pantomime was over she should disappear into the provincial abyss. For proving my fears unfounded I am grateful to Charles Morton; for many pleasant moments I acknowledge indebtedness to Mdlle. Cornille, in whose progress I shall always be interested.

It is not often that an English artist can show the record of Mr. Richard Green, who has now been one of the principal basses in the Covent Garden and Drury Lane opera companies for some five years. Yet he began life in a City Bank, and on the death of his father joined



MR. RICHARD GREEN.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

his brothers in business, though the whole time he was studying singing under Mr. Edwin Holland, and it was only owing to the persuasions of his master that he finally decided to desert the desk and study with a view to a professional career. It is now barely ten years since he entered the Royal Academy of Music, still remaining a pupil of Mr. Holland for voice-production. In 1888 he went to Milan, in order to study opera more thoroughly under the famous maestro Signor Giulio Moretti; but, after only a few months' work, he was attacked by typhoid fever, and spent three months in the hospital, returning home on Christmas Eve, 1889, with the assurance that he could never sing

again. However, thanks to an excellent constitution, he soon began to recover, and, in June 1890, being able to sing to Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. D'Oyly Carte, he was at once engaged for the part of Prince John in "Ivanhoe," produced in January 1891, a rôle he played more than fifty consecutive times before undertaking the part of the Templar in the same opera. Then he was cast for the Duke in "La Basoche," and was so successful that Mr. Carte secured him for the Savoy to create the part of Sir George Vernon in "Haddon Hall," which ran for two hundred and four nights. While there he was heard by Sir Augustus Harris, and at once secured by that astute impresario; his engagement, for three years, was renewed at its termination.

His début in Italian opera was as Silvio in "Pagliacci," a part he has made peculiarly his own. After that he went on tour to play Alfio in "Cavalleria," Valentine in "Faust," and the Comte de Nevers in "Les Huguenots." From the end of that tour, November 1893, he was kept busy with concert work until the following spring, when he repeated his early successes in opera, and also appeared as Escamillo in "Carmen," and Antonio in "Pagliacci," as well as playing a part he undertook, literally at an hour's notice, in "Otello," and creating the rôle of Malet in "Harold," and ere this season has sped yet more important rôles will be entrusted to him. Mr. Green is not merely a clever singer, he is one of the most popular men in the musical profession, of kindly and genial temperament, adding to a rich and sympathetic voice perfect enunciation and strong dramatic talents; and on having the honour and pleasure of singing the "Pagliacci" Prologue to Sir Henry Irving, he was very highly commended by the head of the dramatic profession. Mr. Green was born in Gloucester Road, South Kensington, and educated entirely at Margate College.

I am pleased to note that a provincial tour is being arranged of Mr. W. R. Walkes's charming play, "Mary Pennington, Spinster," lately produced with so much success at a St. James's matinée. It will be played by Messrs. Groves and Brough's Company.



RIVERSIDE RHYMES.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

The lotus that blooms by the Nile
Is reckoned the fairest of flowers;
Coquettes are the roses that smile
On Seine from Lutetia's bowers;
By the Amazon's bank if you stray,
The Victoria's the pride of all gazers;
But what stream upon earth is so gay
As our Thames; when he blossoms in blazers?

He blossoms in blazers and hats;
In frocks of all cuts and all colours;
In bungalows pitched on his flats;
In cushions, and dinghys, and scullers:
In loosestrife that fringes his bank;
In kingfishers guarding his shallows;
In willow-herb, luscious and rank;
In hemlock, and mullein, and mallows.

He blossoms in faces that laugh
Serene as his sunniest reaches;
In lips like the rosier half
Of his cherries, his pears, and his peaches.
Each mile of his course has its maid,
With a flash of white teeth and of pearly;
Each nook has its nymph of the glade,
From Maidenhead upward to Hurlcy

When at Taplow you step from the train
How town-bred anxiety dwindles!
Till you feel like a freeman again
As you strip on the landing at Skindle's—
Sleeves rolled to the elbow, and arms
Laid bare, for display of your muscle;
Set free from the City's alarms!
Set free from the blare and the bustle!

Up stream, then, and under the bridge,
With the parapet crowning its arches!
How they clamber up Cliveden's steep ridge,
The beeches, the oaks, and the larches!
How they loll on the rugs of their punt,
The girls with the crimson umbrella!
That's the Japanesque Geisha in front;
And behind her Corinna and Stella!

There's a willow that weeps by the brink,
At Cookham, with pendulous branches;
They float, and they rise, and they sink,
With the rhythmical pulse of the launches.
Let us lean for a while on our oars,
In the cool of its shimmering shadow,
And lunch by the magical shores
Of our holiday-time Eldorado.

Then on! for beyond Marlow lock
There's a bright and particular goddess,
With a perfectly exquisite frock
And a perfectly heart-breaking bodice.
Her eyes are the bluest of blue;
Her arms they are agile and lissome;
And she steers a Canadian canoe
By the church and the abbey at Bisham.

Still upward, till Thames is a street,
And the house-boat displaces the lily;
Punts jostle; skiffs dart; barges meet;
Like hansoms that block Piccadilly.
Is it Morley, or Balfour, or Burns,
Is it Irving, or Wyndham, or Penley,
Towards whom your heart's fantasy turns?
They are here on the tow-path at Henley.

So daily the river unrolls
Its gay, many-hued panorama;
Be it Krüger or Joe who cajoles,
Be it Rhodes who is victor or Khama.
And still by its banks, if you stray,
You will find it the goal of all gazers;
For what stream upon earth is so gay
As our Thames when he blossoms in blazers?



MISS MARGUERITE CORNILLE, AT THE PALACE THEATRE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.

MDLLE. CARLA DAGMAR.

Photographs by Lyddell Sawyer, Regent Street, W.

The other morning, when I called upon Mdlle. Carla Dagmar, the celebrated Swedish prima donna, who, fresh from her Parisian triumphs, had just arrived in England to fulfil her engagement with Mr. D'Oyly Carte to play Julia in "The Grand Duke," I forgot (writes a *Sketch* representative) that the enforced late hours kept by the theatrical world



MDLLE. CARLA DAGMAR AS JULIA.

is not conducive to early rising, and, consequently, made my appearance at Woburn Square, where Mdlle. Dagmar and her mother reside, before the nightingale had left her cage.

Perhaps it were better so, because her mother took me into the drawing-room, and confided to me a lot of little secrets that I should never have extracted from the charming singer herself. One was that her daughter studies her songs and words very quietly and very quickly, and she does not run up and down the chromatic scale every time she runs up and down stairs. Unlike the usual run of professional singers, she is very methodical in her ways. Her boudoir is the picture of tidiness; there is a proper place for everything, and everything in its place. She knows exactly where every piece of music is, and could find it in the dark.

At this point a tall, graceful girl came dashing into the room, and I stood face to face with Mdlle. Dagmar, her pretty features enveloped in a mass of dark-brown hair, and such a lovely pair of dark-blue eyes. With a glance she can show you her sense of pleasure or pain, surprise or fear, love or hatred, without any possibility of its being mistaken.

"Now, Miss Dagmar, I want you to tell me a little about yourself and your profession?"

"Although I was born and educated in Sweden, I am not altogether Swedish, for my mother is an Englishwoman. Nobody seemed to notice that I could sing any better than anybody else when I was a child. You see, good singers in Sweden are as common as blackberries, and if England is a nation of shopkeepers, Sweden can claim to be a nation of natural-born singers. It must be the pure air we breathe or the gymnastic exercises we undergo which tends to develop our voices.

"After a short sojourn in the United States, we came to Paris, where I studied with Professor Beer, who is entitled to any credit attaching to my name. I took lessons in the dramatic art from Madame Signé Hebbe, who also taught Christine Nilsson, Madame Albani, and Madame Trebelli.

"In 1892 I returned with my mother to Stockholm for a six months' holiday, but the manager of the famous Swedish theatre heard me sing at a friend's house, and at once offered me a part in his opera. I could not very well fly in the face of fortune, so I accepted, and my professional career opened in my native place on March 27, 1892. This was absolutely my first appearance on a public stage.

"Six months later I came to London to sing in Italian opera; but, owing, no doubt, to the fact that the English people appreciate only

what they understand, the opera lasted but a few weeks. Just when I was wondering which way to turn Sir Augustus Harris offered me the part of Michaela in 'Carmen.' This was in 1893, and he renewed my engagement for 1894 and 1895. At the close of the opera season in London I toured the provinces, and have visited all the large towns and cities in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and, for appreciation, give me a Dublin audience. Last winter I spent in Paris, and I have just arrived in England to fulfil my contract with Mr. D'Oyly Carte to sing Julia in 'The Grand Duke.'"

"I suppose you have sung in all the well-known operas?"

"Yes," she replied; "I think I know most of them by heart, and can sing them equally well in English, French, Italian, Swedish; and, with a bit of a struggle, I might manage them in German."

"Which is your favourite part?"

"It is my duty to like whatever is assigned to me, but I am especially fond of Baucis in 'Philemon et Baucis.'"

"Are you at all nervous?"

"I have a very nervous temperament, but I don't believe that nervousness makes one sing with more soul. I can always sing best when I am cool and collected, and when I feel that the audience appreciate me."

"What is your idea of singing as a profession?"

"The life of a professional singer is full of disappointments. Look at almost all the famous men and women of the day, what a bitter struggle for existence they had to endure at the outset of their careers! The opera in England ought to be kept up by the State, as it is in Germany, Italy, France, and Sweden. The Royal College of Music every year turns out talented singers who never have an opportunity of displaying their abilities. Personally, I cannot complain, but I feel sorry when I think of the hundreds who are waiting to step into my shoes. I don't wish anyone ill, but as you climb the ladder of fame you cannot help thinking how much easier it would be if all those above you were swept out of the way. You see, there is so much in a name. When once the English take a liking to you you can rest satisfied, for they are very conservative. If a concert-manager can obtain the services of a celebrated singer like Patti, he will never dream of giving anybody else a chance."

"Have all your wishes been gratified?"

"Not exactly. I want to go to America to sing in light opera."

"How do you spend your leisure time?"

"Like all the Swedes, I am very fond of outdoor sports, and it is only natural that I should have fallen a victim to the bicycle craze. I



AS JULIA.

love boating, fishing, and skating. I can ride, drive, and swim, and on rainy days I can amuse myself with my banjo and violin."

"You are, I believe, a champion swimmer?"

"That is, perhaps, putting it a little too strong. I have won one first prize, and at Ostend last year I could always venture farther out to sea than any other lady or gentleman."

And then I left her.

PNEUMATICS IN FRANCE.

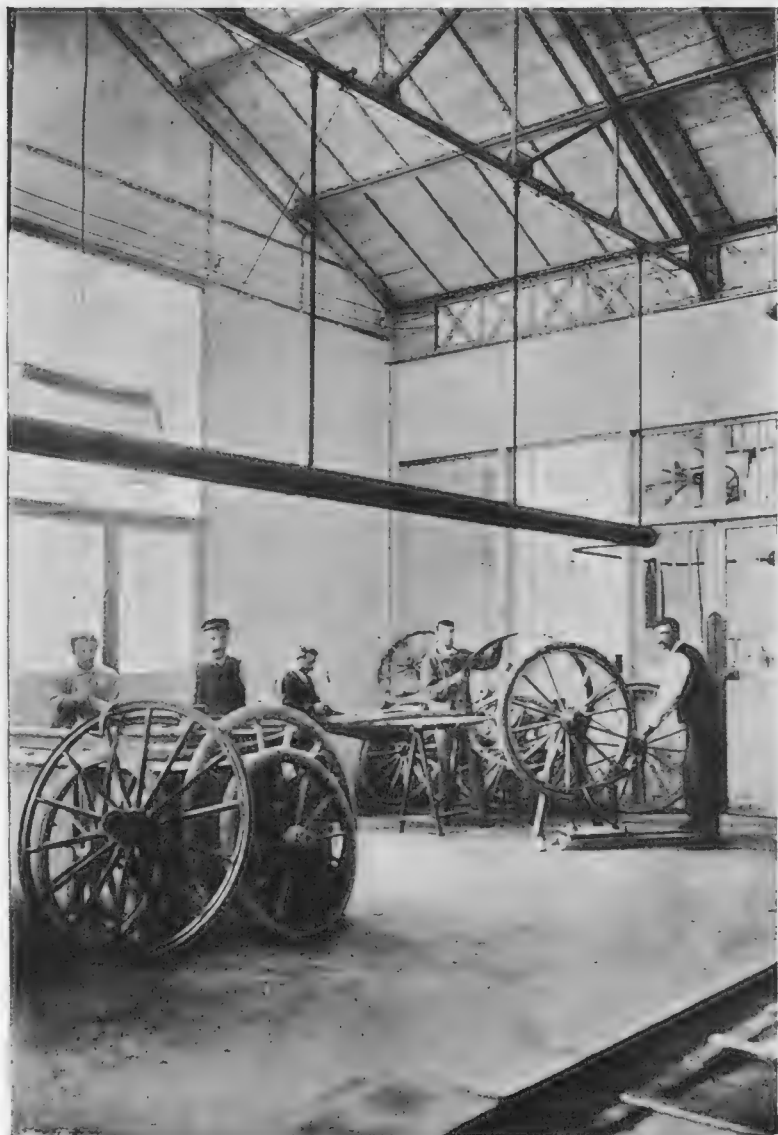
To my surprise I lately heard it asserted without contradiction that the French get all their bicycles from us. It was a curious case of insular assumption that we are the world's manufacturers. No doubt, since we took the lead at one time—until, in fact, "biking" became the rage in France, we had almost all the market. However, in 1890, when the Dunlop tyre was first introduced to the French, and the remarkable cyclomania began, the French makers bestirred themselves in order to share in the harvest. So rapid was the growth and so constant the demand for the Dunlop pneumatic tyre—which gave a new word, "pneu," as synonym for "bike," to the French language—that the sole licensee for "the fair land of France" organised a tyre-manufacturing company, the Compagnie Française des Pneumatiques Dunlop, of which Mr. Harvey Du Cros became chairman. The history of the company may be told in a phrase—its five-hundred-franc shares now sell at seven thousand five hundred! The French company has a splendid factory on the Seine, not far from Paris, where the tyres are made, and a large dépôt in the Avenue de la Grande Armée, from which it supplies the great French makers and English makers who manufacture in France. Prominent among the French makers is the celebrated house founded by the Dunlop licensee. Some idea of the rage in France may be got from the fact that last year that house had to decline orders for six thousand "bikes" because the limit of their output had already been reached. In order to guard against the need for such

painful self-denial, the firm is building a new factory which will increase its output by twenty thousand machines a-year. Need I say that all these machines, as well as the others made by the firm, will bear the Dunlop tyre, which is used exclusively by such firms as Humber, Singer, Coventry

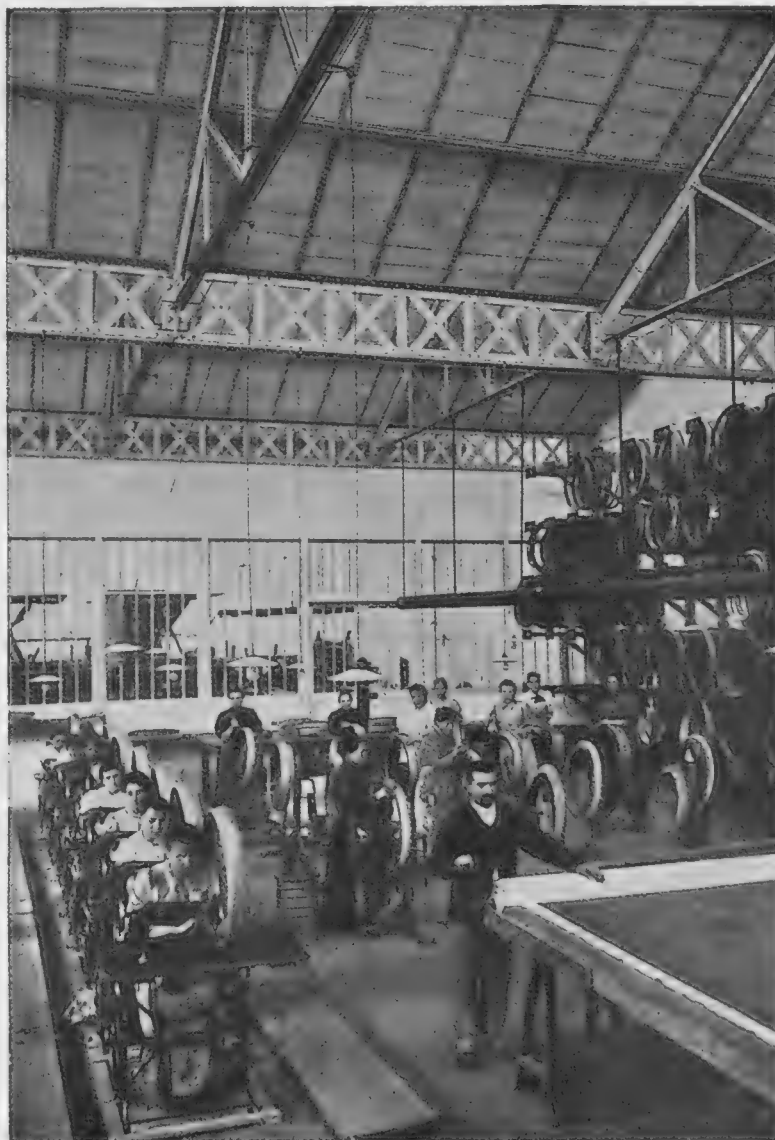


THE EXTERIOR OF THE WORKS.

Machinist, and J. R. Starley, and largely by the Gladiateur, the Société Française, Camiot, Métropole, Rudge-Whitworth, Centaur, and others. France will be able to supply all her people with native-made machines.



MAKING CARRIAGE TYRES.



FINISHING COVERS.

"AN UNDESERVING WOMAN." *

Mr. Philips's right hand has not lost its cunning since he made his conspicuous success with "As in a Looking-Glass." It is quite easy to understand his well-deserved popularity with the readers of the circulating library. He is light, easy, and vivacious. He writes with the air of a man of the world, yet his success is never a success of scandal. He does not give occasion to pause, and so the mind, wearied with many things, as Thomas à Kempis says, finds rest in his unexacting narratives. This book of short stories has not what one could call exactly body. They are most of them quite slight as to their happenings, and so short that one suspects them of having originally appeared in a periodical where space was limited. This has usually the effect of checking redundancy, but in Mr. Philips's short stories there is no air of compactness. There is a certain type of woman this writer has made his own. It is the adventuress whose ways, in the end, make for righteousness. Marguerite Gautier was, one supposes, the precursor of the type. We find her in Mr. Philips's title-story. "An Undeserving Woman," being reduced to sore straits, answers the advertisement of a



MR. F. C. PHILIPS.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

bereaved father, whose son had died in exile, and who longed to meet with someone who had known the dead youth and could tell him something of those years of absence. Mrs. Tenterden does not, indeed, do her imposition with any Machiavellian subtlety, and Professor Barkasset is spoiling for someone to dupe him. Still, the story ends up, in Mr. Philips's gaily immoral way, with the triumph of the adventuress and a legacy which delivers her from further need of adventures. "My Own True Love Story" tells of a lady in love with an actor, and of how she was disillusioned by his egoism. That she should have required disillusionment shows her ignorance of a charming profession. "An Unlucky Resurrection" is a serious bit of Mr. Philips's work. A husband, long separated by his own fault from a Puritanical wife, falls in love with her memory and seeks a reconciliation, with the result that he meets, instead of the fresh and simple girl he remembers, a middle-aged dowdy, "peering at him with a plain, pathetic face that was a ledger of every hour of grief she had suffered since last they had met." Few women, by the way, are middle-aged at thirty; and are not Mr. Philips's heroines usually about that fascinating age? A good many of the stories are slighter than these in motive. Mr. Philips is, however, always agreeable to take up. The book would serve admirably for a railway journey, when between the snatches of stories one could look out over the flying country. A large proportion of his characters are in straits for money, which makes their adventures interesting reading, since nearly all the world knows what it is to be in straits for money. The stories run easily, and are quite wholesome reading, despite the adventuress. Mr. Philips always makes his

adventuress such an excellent good fellow at heart, and so disturbed at the adventures a hard fate forces her to undertake. He never moralises, which is a blessing, and the course of his stories is straight and undeviating: A good many of these dramatic moments would make excellent little acting-pieces. Mr. Philips is to be congratulated on his titles, which arouse a flutter of expectation in the hearts of his feminine readers, not always to be realised. "An Undeserving Woman" is not so piquant a title as "The Worst Woman in London," but it is excellent of the same kind, and one esteems it no less because the tales it announces are of quite an innocuous kind.

SLEEP—A DREAM.

BY ARTHUR APPLIN.

And the woman dreamed. Her dream was of the land of dreams.

And there, five who ruled in the land of dreams—five goddesses, all exceedingly beautiful. And men came unto these goddesses, and worshipped them; they worshipped them all save one.

One was dressed in a great golden robe; precious stones encircled her waist and neck and arms. Her hair was golden, and she sat upon a golden throne.

Another goddess was crowned with a wreath of flowers. Her robe was composed of flowers—flowers were at her breast and at her feet. She laughed all the daytime, and at night she did not sleep, but laughed instead.

The third goddess was naked. In one hand she held a great tiger-lily. She was as beautiful as Death, and as cruel. She smiled at those who worshipped her, but her smile was terrible.

And at the feet of the fourth goddess there were few who worshipped. She was dark, and one dared not look into her eyes for fear what one might see there. She, too, was exceedingly beautiful, but her beauty was unlike the beauty of the other goddesses. Her lips were the lips of sorrow. And men stood afar off, and gazed at her, and were afraid.

And the fifth and last goddess was the fairest of them all. Her face was inscrutable; there was neither sorrow nor joy, nor greed of gain, nor love written thereon—there was only peace, a great peace. Her eyes were closed, yet the beauty of them was not hidden. They were closed, yet the eyes of all men sought her closed eyes. On her white breast slept a lotus lily.

And the woman dreamed. And she saw how all men worshipped the Golden Goddess, and very many the naked goddess—Love. They worshipped the Goddess of Joy, the goddess who laughed both day and night. They worshipped the Goddess of Sorrow, but the goddess with the sweet closed eyes, the goddess with the sad, soft lips, the Goddess of Sleep—there were few who came to the Goddess of Sleep.

And the woman dreamed. And she came unto the Golden Goddess, and fell at her feet and worshipped her.

And the Golden Goddess smiled.

And it seemed to the woman that after many years she grew weary of worshipping the Golden Goddess. There was desire in her heart, but the desire was not satisfied.

So she came unto the Goddess of Joy. But she tired of the mirthless laughter that ceased neither day nor night.

Then she went to Love, and in her heart she said, "Now I have found what I desired." But Love laughed scornfully, and cursed the woman. And the woman came to Sorrow, and said unto her, "Oh, Goddess, Love and Gold and Joy have I worshipped; I have worshipped them and given them all that I possessed, but they scorned me. I am weary and fain would rest. Thou art sad, thou also hast known sorrow; let me remain with thee, and so find peace."

But the goddess replied, "Thou wouldst tire of worshipping me; thou wouldst grow weary of sorrow even as thou hast grown weary of love, for all men shall tire of gold and of love, of joy and of sorrow."

"But I am weary and would rest. Is there no rest?"

And the goddess said, "There is no rest, but there is sleep."

And the woman rose, and went unto the Goddess Sleep, and lay at her feet, and cried, "Of sorrow and joy and love and gold have I tasted, and I am not satisfied. I am weary, let me rest here and sleep; for gold is only gold, and love is cruel, and joy is joyless, and sorrow alone is real; but sleep is good, therefore give me sleep I pray you."

And the goddess with the closed eyes stretched forth her hands, and laid her fingers on the eyelids of the woman, and pressed her sad, sweet lips on the woman's forehead. And she spoke, and her voice was like the voice of the wind on the moorlands—"Unto me all men will come. For sorrow and joy, and love and hate, and all things will pass away, but sleep alone remains, and sleep is good; and one day all men will come unto me and sleep. Thou hast come unto me early; therefore sleep, dear heart."

The woman awoke. She turned in her bed, and she heard the voices of joy and sorrow and love, and the cry of "gold," in the streets. And she laid her head on the pillow again and closed her eyes. "Sleep is good; all else will pass away, but sleep is everlasting, therefore give me sleep."

And the woman sleeps at the feet of the goddess with the closed eyes and the sad, sweet mouth, and the lotus lily at her breast.

For sleep is good and will not pass away.

* "An Undeserving Woman." By F. C. Philips. London: Downey and Co.

THE BURNS EXHIBITION.

Burns died on July 21, 1796. The centenary of his death-day is to be celebrated by public meetings in Glasgow and Dumfries, in which the Earl of Rosebery, Honorary President of the Burns Federation, will take the leading part. But more truly commemorative of one who was no public man, yet, on the other hand, touched and appreciated with the sympathy of genius every side of the life of his day, will be the exhibition of pictures, manuscripts, and books—of Burnsiana of all sorts—that is to be opened in Glasgow next week. It will be particularly rich in pictures and books, although in portraiture, it seems, it will have to lack all that is the property of the Scottish nation, owing to the refusal of an Edinburgh board to part for a short time with the treasures of the National Gallery and the Scottish

descendant of Gilbert Burns sends two silhouettes, one of her forefather, the other of his famous brother. And among a number of copies of the fine Nasmyth-Walker-Cousins engraving there are two spotless and with the full margins. Alongside of these personal memorials will hang portraits of Burns' relatives, personal friends, and some of his leading critics, and numerous landscapes of the Land of Burns, by the older school of Scottish artists, by modern impressionists, and by Mr. J. E. Christie, who does not claim to be an impressionist. Of equal interest will be the originals by Sam Bough and W. E. Lockhart of the engravings in Paterson's edition.

Of manuscripts, Lord Rosebery, who has stood for many a year between the Americans and the more important of the Burns treasures



THE MONUMENT AT AYR.



THE MAUSOLEUM AT DUMFRIES.



THE MONUMENT AT DUMFRIES.



THE OLD BRIDGE, DUMFRIES.



SWEETHEART ABBEY, DUMFRIES.

National Portrait Gallery. Of manuscripts there will be a brave show; but this department might have been better stocked.

The canvases lent are numerous and mixed. The place of honour in the picture-gallery is naturally to be assigned to the Auchendrane Nasmyth, the second replica of the oil-painting for which the poet sat to Alexander Nasmyth during his first visit to Edinburgh. This, the least familiar of the three Nasmyths, is at the same time the most attractive. It is more like the Skirving drawing than either of the other two. The mouth is beautiful, albeit the lower lip betrays weakness; there is ardent life in the eyes, and there is no mistaking the smirk so natural to Burns. This canvas is the property of the Misses Catheart, of Auchendrane, near Ayr, to whom it has come down from the favourite pupil to whom the painter gave it as a wedding-gift. It is entirely untouched by Raeburn. Few now hold that so much can be said for the Thomson Nasmyth from the National Portrait Gallery, London, which will keep it company on the wall. The original of these two replicas, bequeathed to the Scottish nation by the poet's last surviving son, will be wanting for the reason above stated. The Skirving drawing has not yet arrived, but it is promised in a letter from Sir Theodore Martin, the proprietor, which was published in the *Glasgow Herald* recently. A

that have come to the hammer, makes a goodly contribution. His manuscripts are among the finest specimens of the poet's penmanship, and are handsomely bound. Chief among them is the copy of "The Whistle" which Burns made for Fergusson of Craigdarroch, the hero of the contest. They include also "The Brigs of Ayr," "Sleep'st Thou or Wauk'st Thou?" "The Ordination," and a double sheet containing the lamentable "Ode to the Memory of Mrs. Oswald of Auchencruive," and "Castle Gordon" ("Streams that Glide on Orient Plains"). Lord Rosebery sends also some very interesting volumes. One is the copy of the "Fergusson" which Burns in 1787 presented to Miss Carmichael, with the inscription, "Curse on ungrateful man," and his autograph. There are two copies of the 1793 two-volume edition, one inscribed "To Mrs. Riddel of Woodley Park. *Un gage d'amitié le plus sincère.*—The Author"; and another, to Mr. David Blair, Birmingham, inscribed "Dear Sir,—Accept of these vols. as a mark of the most sincere esteem and regard; and when, perhaps, he is but a memory, let them call to your tender, friendly recollection—The Author." Dalmeny furnishes besides two books which Burns presented to Jessie Lewars, the nurse of his dying days. One is the volume of Johnson's "Museum" in which the poet, three weeks before his death, wrote, in a firm, clear hand, the

lines "Thine be the volumes, Jessy fair." I note in the manuscript a variation from the usually accepted version, which should run thus, after line 5—

While native worth and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution to beware
Of ill, but chief man's felon snare;
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind:
These be thy guardian and reward,
So prays thy faithful friend, the Bard

June 20, 1796.

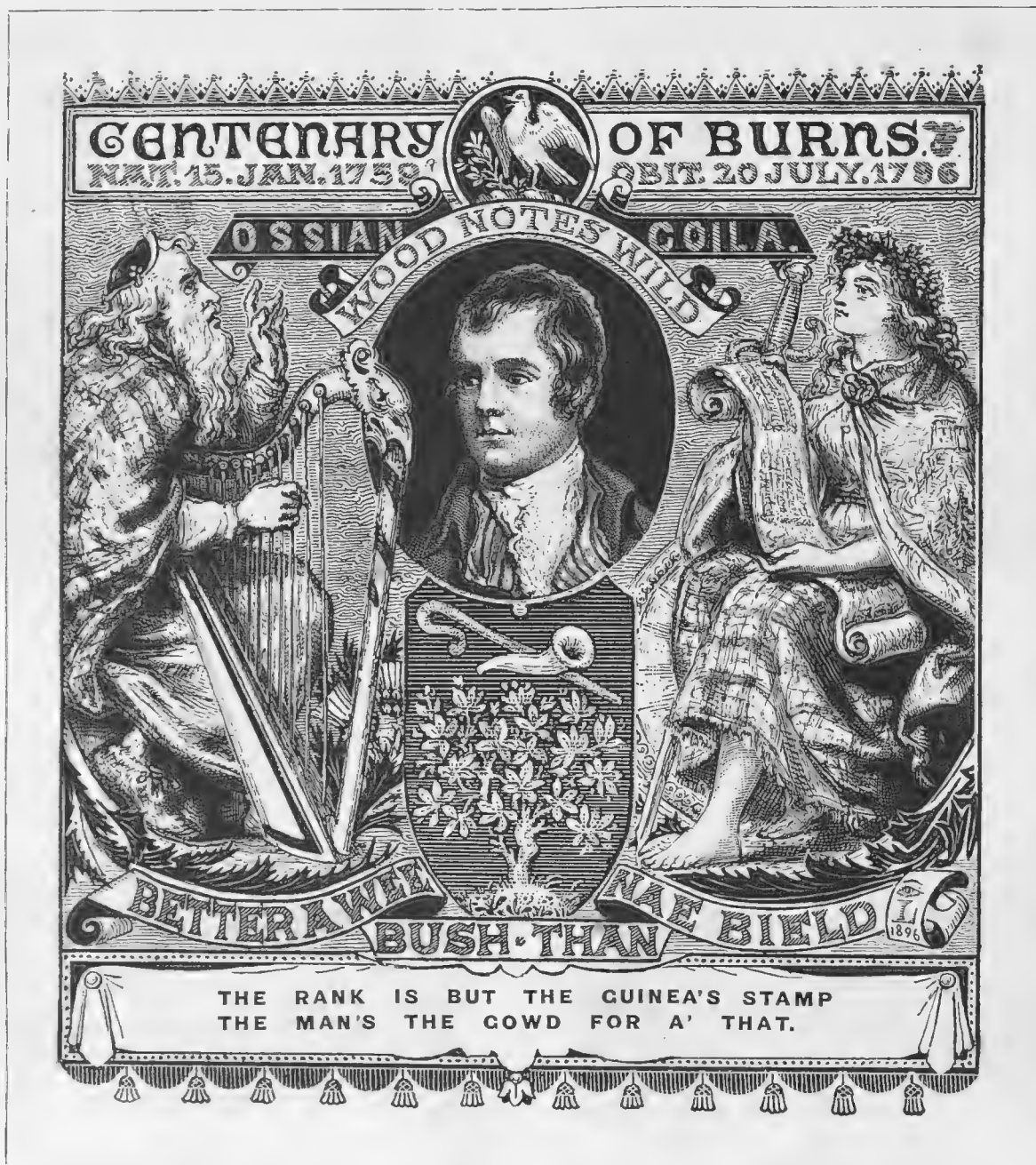
R. Burns.

The other is "Pindariana," inscribed "À Mad^{lle}. J. Lewars, un petit gage d'amitié.—R. Burns." Lastly, there are the manuscripts of the letter of July 10, 1796, to Gilbert, reminding him never so delicately of his debt, and of the lecture Daddy Auld read to the poet when he stood in Mauchline Church with his bonny Jean to receive ecclesiastical censure. Other collections furnish important manuscripts. Mr. Hew Morrison,

of the 1793 edition which he presented to the sister of his patron, Lord Glencairn, Lady Betty Cunningham. Mr. Weir sends also the copy of that rare book, the 1773 "Fergusson," which Burns inscribed to Boswell of Auchinleck. Mr. Hamilton Bruce, of Edinburgh, contributes several early editions and a number of pre-Burns Scottish books in artistic bindings which will make the mouth of the bibliophile to water. Mrs. J. G. Burns sends two copies of the Kilmarnock edition, one the gift of the poet to Lady Glencairn. The committee have secured uncut copies of the early editions, mostly clean as new, notwithstanding the wear and tear to which popularity has subjected the works of Burns.

One curious exhibit is the book-plate designed by Mr. John Leighton, F.S.A. Regarding it I am obliged to have recourse to the poet as an authority, or, at least, one to follow, for he has left us a letter, dated March 3, 1793: It was written by a friend, and runs thus—

One commission I must trouble you with. . . . I want to cut my armorial bearing (on a seal). Will you be so obliging as to enquire what the expense will



From the Original Drawing by John Leighton, F.S.A.

of the Edinburgh Public Library, has secured for the exhibition the manuscripts of Mr. R. B. Adam, the American Burnsian (valued at four thousand pounds), embracing a number of letters that are being published for the first time in the new edition of the Chambers "Burns." Mrs. J. G. Burns, of Knockmarron Lodge, Co. Dublin (representative of the stock of Brother Gilbert), contributes manuscripts of "The Jolly Beggars," "Scots Wha Hae" (the copy made by the poet for Mrs. Gilbert Burns), and others of the first importance, as well as the correspondence of Gilbert and Dr. Currie, Mrs. Dunlop's letters to the poet's family, Wordsworth's manuscript of the poem he wrote "To the Sons of Burns"—

Be independent, generous, brave,
Your father such example gave,
And such revere;

and a number of manuscripts bearing on the affairs of the family.

A very handsome contribution to the book department is made by Mr. Weir, of Kildonan. Besides several important editions, which are conspicuous in the case of artistic bindings, there are the copy of the 1787 "Poems" which the author gave to the printer Smellie, and the copy

be? I do not know that my name is matriculated, as the heralds call it, but I have invented arms for myself, and by the courtesy of Scotland will likewise be entitled to supporters. These, however, I do not intend to have on my seal. I am a bit of a herald, and shall give you my arms. On a field azure a holly-bush, seeded, proper on base; a shepherd's pipe and crook, psalter-wise, also proper in chief on a wreath of the colours; a wood-lark perching on a spray of bay-tree, proper for crest; two mottoes, round the top of the crest "Wood Notes Wild," at the bottom of the shield, in the usual place, "Better a wee bush than nae bield." By the shepherd's pipe and crook, I mean a stock, and a horn, and a club.

This is on the seal used by Burns until his death, and reposes with the Burns Relics. As to supporters, he has been given Ossian and Coila, while the portrait dividing the crest from the shield is that of Nasmyth.

We can merely note a few of the relics. William Burnes's world-famed "Ha' Bible" comes from Mrs. J. G. Burns, along with the poet's silver watch, whip, spurs, razors, and the gloves he wore in mourning for Glencairn; Mrs. Burns Thomas (great-granddaughter), of Killinick, Co. Wexford, sends the poet's seal, pictures, and books; and Mrs. Burns Hutchison (the only surviving grandchild) contributes the poet's Family Bible and the well-known picture of herself and Jean Armour. J. D.



AYR TAM O' SHANTER AND SOUTER JOHNNIE ALLOWAY.



"OLD MORTALITY."



BURNS' COTTAGE, AYR.



BURNS' HOUSE, DUMFRIES.



THE AULD BRIG O' DOON, AYR.



THE TWA BRIGS O' AYR.



CARLAVEROCK CASTLE, DUMFRIES.



LINCLUDEN ABBEY, DUMFRIES.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mrs. Wood's "Aëromancy" is the new volume of Mr. Elkin Mathews' "Shilling Garland." The title-poem is a homage to the power and wonder of

The watchers in the everlasting towers,
Blind watchers of bright heaven, the bells who own
No changing years, but the unchanging hours,

paid by one who, listening, heard their master word, and understood, and was ever after conscious of

A power to make invisible things seen,
And tumult calm and morning in dull night,
To set the day with stars, and, like a screen
Rolled back, the curtain of a peopled stage,
Uplift the tenuous moment's painted scene
From Life's loud pageant and mute pilgrimage.

"Aëromancy" is a fine poem, but there are others in the slim volume likely to be more popular, "The Mariners Sleep by the Sea," for instance, and still more so "The Child Alone"—the latter a delightful picture of an imaginative child who, all unknown to her elders, and out of their sight, is, by turns, the "Paynim's Hammer," "King Richard's Knight," and a bold, fierce Danish pirate—

They'll call me Marjorie, and wonder
Why I should want to run away
And be as any rabbit wild,
For I shall seem to be a child
Named Marjorie. What would they say
If they could know it was instead
A pirate that they put to bed?

Mr. Step has compiled a second series of his "Wayside and Woodland Blossoms" (Warne), and no person who takes his eyes and the usual ignorance into the country with him this summer should be without it and its predecessor. It is the handiest and the least forbidding of any book of the kind I know, save the very unscientific but delightful Anne Pratt. Mr. Step does not presuppose much knowledge, and yet he does not treat us like Sunday School children. By aid of his pictures flowers are really identifiable, and the lover of country lore will learn, too, a great many of the older and the local picturesque names of plants. The volume will go into a pocket, and had better stay there till some genuine curiosity about a flower met with in a summer ramble suggests their being cancelled. By quoting Burroughs, Mr. Step stamps with approval the sentiments of that American writer on nature who gathers his botanical knowledge slowly, not making "a dead set at it like a herbalist. One likes to have his floral acquaintances come to him easily and naturally, like his other friends."

Miss Olivia Rossetti has paid pious homage to the genius of her aunt by compiling a birthday-book from her poems. Messrs. Macmillan are the publishers. Christina Rossetti's work affords as good material for such a book as do most of the other poets that have been drawn on for these strange compilations of our day. But her mind at its very best had not many notes, and, a book of this kind demanding variety, there has been rather too great a run made on her inferior and occasional poems, such as that poor bit of playfulness, "Sing-song." A really exquisite selection from Christina Rossetti's poetry is very much wanted, and Miss Olivia might make it for us.

Mr. C. G. Harper's "Hearts do not Break" (Kegan Paul) should not be taken too seriously. It is hardly a faithful picture of London literary life, though there is enough truth in it to make one regret its exaggerations and its ill-temper. It is not the first time Mr. Harper has spoiled his case by want of taste, and all who believe with him that the Press of to-day is not in every way a noble institution, and that literary criticism might be more dignified and more disinterested, must leave his side when he makes bitter attacks on persons and cliques easily recognisable through his exaggerations of their personalities and careers. This is a pity, since he has not brought a single accusation in which there is not some truth that good-tempered satire might have dealt with in wholesome fashion.

"Famous Violinists and Fine Violins" (Chatto) is the title of a new book by Dr. T. L. Phipson that should not be judged by its egotistical and silly preface. For it contains some excellent matter, musical reminiscences, violin lore, and technical information of interest to the general reader as well as to the musical enthusiast. "Cherubini as a Violinist," "Secrets of the Cremona Violin Trade," and the chapters on his recollections of De Beriot and Vieuxtemps, are very good reading, after their rambling, eccentric fashion. "The Secret of Paganini" is disappointing, so far as the secret is concerned; but it graphically suggests the personality of the great virtuoso—at least, on its pettier side.

It is difficult to know what to say about the volume of short stories entitled "Whiffs from a Short Briar" (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, and Co.). The author, Mr. Max Baring, has a facile pen, and these short sketches are occasionally reminiscent now of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, now of Mr. Barry Pain's writings. But these "whiffs" are too often but an example of the spirit which the new humorist should avoid rather than cultivate. Mr. Baring is more at ease, and therefore a much better literary workman, when describing stray incidents in the life of the London poor. "Melia Buffle" is rich in possibilities of artistic realism and true humour. Let Mr. Baring study his Dickens, or, if he despises old-fashioned methods, let him glance over "Badalia Herodsfoot"—nay, let him only substitute in his sketch the third for the first person singular, and he will see how the little story ought to have been written.

O. O.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The late University cricket match will probably have had one good result; it will have put an end to the dodges by which the "follow-on" has been averted in the past. It is not necessary to advertise the fact of giving away runs so brutally as was done in the late match; there was no fear that the last Oxford batsmen would knock down their wickets, and catches need not have been held. Professionals would probably have presented the other side with the necessary dozen runs without doing anything to outrage the fine sensibilities of the loafers at Lord's. Granted that Mr. Mitchell's plan was sound, it will be conceded that Mr. Shine's method of carrying it into effect was cynical in its realism.

The circumstance that will probably put an end to the practice—not always confined to Cambridge—of averting the "follow on" by giving up runs is the result of the proceeding. Had Cambridge played up and forced Oxford to follow on, the sympathy of the spectators would have gone with the side that conceded the advantage. The Cambridge bowlers might have been tired; but the Oxford batsmen, disheartened by the leeway to be made up, might have gone down much as the Cambridge batsmen actually did on the Friday afternoon. In any case, there is no doubt that the wicket was far easier on the Saturday than ever before; and Cambridge would have had this easy wicket, and ought to have won.

If we add to the actual physical facts of the ground the enormous moral advantage given to Oxford by the Mitchell-Shine manœuvre, it is not a strained inference to say that the Cambridge captain really lost the game by his questionable stroke of policy, and lost it with the odds apparently in his favour. It is not likely that any leader of an eleven in a similar position will again resort to the same device. Not that the ruse in itself is particularly heinous, or deserving of the hoots and hisses of a cricketless crowd; but in University cricket chivalry should prevail.

For the rest, the usual picnic went on. Year by year the insensate folly of putting strings of carriages round Lord's becomes more obvious. The occupants do not see as well as if they had seats, and the room taken up by the carriages is quite disproportionate to the numbers that can be accommodated in or on them. Further, those members of the despised shilling public who stand behind or around carriages and try to look over them are led to contribute unduly to the ledger of the particular recording angel employed to put down profane language. One little girl with a large hat may rob an ardent spectator of the supreme moment of a match by simply nodding a sleepy and uninterested head.

In fact, whenever the University match falls in fine weather there must be thousands who never see even the corner of a fieldsman's elbow, and hundreds who, from perfect points of view, survey the contest with their shoulders. The M.C.C. is an admirable organising body; at few spectacles can one pay one's shilling with such certainty of seeing nothing for it. Not that the spectators themselves do not help. In spite of the heat, a very large percentage of the crowd at Lord's still wears the top-hat of respectability. Now, a short man in a top-hat can effectively hide the players from anybody not a foot taller than himself. So, possibly, the wearers of stove-pipes endured discomfort themselves, knowing that they were inflicting worse on the crowds behind them.

Were it not for the general acceptance of the latest "Zoo" story, one might be tempted to believe that some amateur of nonsense had been hoaxing the newspapers. The mild Pratincole, which laid eggs, and the malevolent Whimbrel, which broke one, seem to the unscientific strangely akin to the Bandersnatch, the Bōrogove, the Jabberwock, and the Jubjub. In fact, the Pratincole looks a trifle too obviously invented to do credit to its author.

The Whimbrel and the Pratincole
Were creatures in the "Zoo";
They lived in cages, in a Park,
As many others do;
The Pratincole it was a bird,
So was the Whimbrel, too.

"Oh Whimbrel," said the Pratincole,
"I've laid a goodly batch,
An egg or two, an egg or three,
That England cannot match;
I cannot boast of more than four,
But those I mean to hatch!"

The wicked Whimbrel looked at her,
And shook a lissom leg;
The wicked Whimbrel watched for her,
Nor let his chance go beg;
But while the Pratincole was out,
He went and smashed an egg.

"I weep for you," the Whimbrel said,
"With grief too deep to speak";
With sobs and tears he wiped the yolk
From his malignant beak,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
To hide his awful check.

"Oh, Pratincole," the Whimbrel said,
"Though once you lost a son,
Pray introduce me to the rest"—
But answer came there none;
And this was hardly odd, because
They perished every one!

MARMITON.



GAY PARISIENNES.



THE SNAKE-GIRL.

A CHAT WITH A BURMESE PRIEST.

"Some difficulty attended my obtaining the visit of a Burmese priest to this country," remarked one of the directors of the London and Burma Merchandise Company—which is responsible for the Burmese Palace and its entertainments at Earl's Court—to a *Sketch* representative. "It so happened that, while I was staying in Mandalay last year, there was a Pongyi Byann, or "priest-burning," being celebrated. It is a most elaborate function, preparation for which occupies the people for many months previously, for huge buildings, sometimes forty feet high, constructed of bamboo covered with gold, silver, and coloured tinsel, are erected round a central kyoung, or temple, where, on a ledge about ten feet from the summit, the body of the deceased pongyi is deposited. With much ceremony this central kyoung is set on fire by means of fireworks, and forms the funeral pyre of the priest. The other buildings are usually left standing for a week or two."

"And how did you catch your priest?"

"Well, I approached one of the order and told him how interesting for him it would be to go and actually see the Empress of India with his own eyes. After some persuasion, he signed a contract as to terms, expenses, &c.; but the High Priest would have none of it, and to all my pleading that the people of England would think strangely of a person who so far forgot moral and legal obligations as to repudiate a promise he turned a deaf ear, continuing to chew his betel-nut, and at length, laying his head on his pillow, indicated that the interview was at an end. However, after a day or two's reflection, he sent to say that, though he could not spare the priest I had addressed, he would not oppose the visit of Pongyi Umala, whom I will fetch."

Presently Pongyi Umala, attended by a jolly little boy—just like one of the Japanese dolls one hangs on a Christmas-tree—came and sat beside me. He is short and very attenuated, swathed in a silken toga of sacred yellow. He wore blue spectacles, and held a breviary of beads or seeds in his hands. I felt the greatest interest in him at once. It is astonishing to think of the large number of adherents to Buddhism that there exists—no less than 360,000,000, or one-fourth of the human race. Yet it is not such a very ancient faith, only 2600 years old. It originated in India; but Brahminism was too strong for the new faith, so Christian-like in its simplicity and purity of teaching, and finally its followers were driven, after living a hunted life for many years in the famous cave-temples, to seek asylum in other countries. However, as the Pongyi explained, Buddhism differs a good deal in its tenets in different parts of the world. For instance, in Burma they hold only to eight hells, while elsewhere that number is increased by five. Their services are merely commemorative of Buddha, the offering of flowers really representing no more than the Christian practice of placing wreaths in cemeteries on relatives' graves. They do not worship him. "All Burmans," the Pongyi remarked, "are supposed to enter the monastery, seclusion and contemplation being one of the main features of our religion. But they may revoke and return to the world, and the fact that they have done so is shown by their legs and bodies being more or less tattooed. No, this breviary does not chronicle or check the number of prayers I may repeat, but the holding of it in my hands serves to concentrate my thoughts on what I am saying, and assists inward contemplation."

"Now, as to services and diet, Pongyi Umala?"

"We will hold a little service directly. As to diet, I eat rice-curry at six in the morning and again at eleven, but food after noon is looked on as accursed unless it be sugar or chocolate. Yes, we smoke, but not opium. You ask how long are our devotions? Well, I pray twice a-day, about two hours at a time."

Then the Pongyi showed me a casket containing a series of palm-leaves, fastened together at one end by the passage of a wire, on which were beautifully inscribed the written precepts inculcated by Buddha's teaching. Then, while the priest withdrew, preparatory to the promised service, I was introduced to two most intelligent Burmans—the priest was a little too contemplative to make altogether a lively companion; but these gentlemen, one Maung Po-Oo, a son of the Hon. Maung Oon, C.I.E., and nephew of Maung Hla Oung, the Comptroller of British Burma, with his companion, were jolly fellows, with plenty of sly humour, especially on the subject of divorce, on which I questioned them. By the Buddhist religion, retreat into a monastery for a while snaps the bonds of matrimony most accommodatingly. However, I must not dilate too much on this subject.

Presently Pongyi Umala appeared on the platform—this was a special service for the *Sketch* representative, please understand—and placed himself on a chair by way of a throne, cross-legged, in the usual attitude ascribed to Buddha. The men formed a half-circle before him, while the women were grouped by themselves in a knot further away. Sitting on their heels, the little congregation rocked themselves once or twice, so that they would have fallen forward but for the support of their hands. Then, putting these together, close to the face and in the attitude of prayer, they responded to the Pongyi's reading of the precepts. This went on for a little time; then the half-prostration was repeated, and the service was over. I believe the service was in Sanscrit. I was interested to hear that Professor Max Müller was, the next day, coming to talk to Umala, who, by the way, writes a very good hand.

After an introduction to the Burmese ladies, consisting of two sisters, who are dancers, and their aunt and cousin, who are cheroot-makers, I shook hands with a silk-weaver from Mandalay and paid a compliment to a graceful young lady from Rangoon, and tore myself away.

THE GENEVA EXHIBITION.

There is much of interest in the exhibition of national products which is now being held in Geneva. This exhibition was first thought of and projected in 1866, but there have been various difficulties in the way, and it has at last taken place in 1896, a year to be long remembered by the cantons of Switzerland, which have subscribed between them a total sum of 562,000 francs for this purpose. The grounds occupied by the exhibition are very extensive, covering an area of 350,000 mètres, and the entrance building is both artistic and imposing. Entrance-tickets are only one franc for the day, but *abonnement* tickets for longer or shorter periods are also procurable, a stipulation being that every person possessing one must be photographed for the sum of one franc, and must attach the photo to the season ticket—a novel idea.

The exhibits are numerous, and include watches, enamelling-instruments, silk, cotton, wool, linen, leather, paper, and straw manufactures, embroideries, furniture, clothes, musical instruments, wood-carving, principles of education, hotel-management, modern art, history, photography, chemistry, agriculture, horticulture, food and drink products, fire brigades, shooting and fishing, aquaria and navigation, &c.

The exhibition of watches and watch-making is very fine, and most interesting. Some very beautiful watches are exhibited, and the various wheels and parts of watches are also shown, cleverly arranged so



SWISS VILLAGE AT THE GENEVA EXHIBITION.

Photo by Sulag, Geneva.

as to form flowers and floral patterns. The enamelling is also one of the best exhibits, beautifully enamelled watch-cases being most prominent in all sorts of patterns and delicate colours.

The show of silks is an imposing one, and full of interest for the fair sex. The silks, which are manufactured in Zürich, Lucerne, and Bâle, are shown in great profusion in ordinary bales and pieces, in ribbons, and are also displayed made up into ball-gowns, &c.

Wood-carving, which is carried on chiefly in the Bernese Oberland, is one of the most interesting exhibits; some very beautiful and highly finished carvings are shown. The linen and cotton, straw and leather manufactures are all good, and the pottery and ware very pretty and fascinating. Modern art exhibits, as also military departments, are poor; on the other hand, the educational systems (which are of the highest order in Switzerland) are most interesting. Among the food products one chiefly notices Maggi, the condensed soup or beef-tea so much in vogue; it is quite one of the best and nicest condensed soups made.

Under the head of "Transport" are shown engines and locomotives of great strength used on the St. Gothard railway, and one engine which will be used on the new Jura-Simplon railway, a large truck for carrying war-material, electric tramways, various interesting details of telegraphy and telephones (which are very largely used in Switzerland), and also bicycles.

One of the chief delights of the exhibition is the model Swiss village, covering an area of 20,000 mètres. Beautiful imitations of Swiss chalets and houses, a tiny church, market-square, streets peopled by young men and maidens in the real Swiss costumes, make this a most bright and attractive sight. Concerts and fêtes take place here, and bell-ringers and "jodlers" are to be heard. National dances in old Swiss costumes and historical incidents are to be held later on in July and August. The Parc du Plaisance is also a well-planned and delightful place; 60,000 mètres are assigned to it. Here a negro village, Himalayan railway, a water-toboggan, cafés, and restaurants invite the visitor to amusement and refreshment. A captive balloon is also provided, and many and varied forms of amusement, music, bands, &c., may be found within the precincts of this charming exhibition.

HOW THE GREAT PADEREWSKI TRAVELS.

So much has already been written about Paderewski that it is very difficult to find a subject which has some aspect of novelty; hence a representative of *The Sketch* got the following facts about his manner of travelling when he is on an extensive tour in an interview with Mr. Hugo Görlitz, his private secretary, to whom we are indebted for the photograph of the private car in which he travelled during his recent tour, which was taken at Los Angeles, California. The car was named the "Haslemere," and was sister-car to the "Iolanthe," in which Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry travelled at the same time. On the platform stands the artist, surrounded by his faithful staff; to his left his secretary, to the right his valet, the others being the *chef*, the porter, the waiter, and baggage-master, three of them being coloured, and the same people who travelled through America with the late Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. H. M. Stanley.

In travelling in a private car in America (said Mr. Görlitz) one is entirely independent of hotels, which in most cases are fine, comfortable

There is, however, a drawback to this mode of travel, which consists in not having the opportunity for exercise one would like to have, and, after remaining in the car for several weeks, Paderewski found it necessary to abandon it for a short time in order to alter the mode of life. Passengers who travel in the express trains are usually very jealous of these cars, and as it happened that, while we were crossing the desert in Arizona, we had a hot box, which detained the whole train for nearly twelve hours, they were very free in their remarks on this car, which should not have been attached to the so-called "Sunlight Express" train. We were very fortunate in having a most excellent staff of people, and it must not be supposed that everyone is equally lucky. Miss Ellen Terry told me in New Orleans that their cook was a very bad one, and that both she and Sir Henry were very glad when they could leave their car and go into hotels.

With regard to Paderewski's journey, everything is arranged for him weeks beforehand, so that it works like a machine. Whenever we arrive in a town, a carriage has to be waiting at the station, and the same in the evening from the hotel to the hall, and back again. This, in many instances, is very essential, as he leaves the concert-



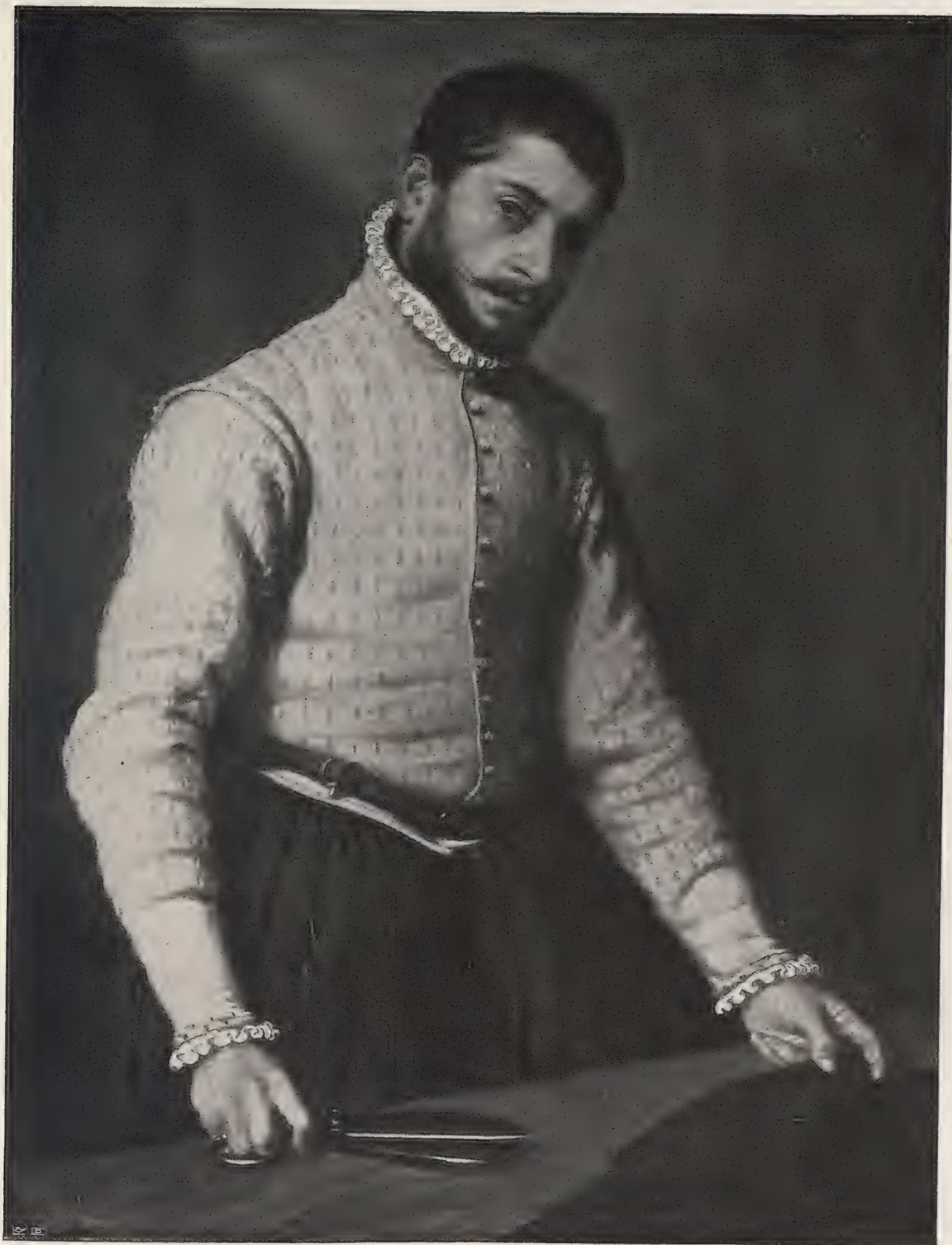
PADEREWSKI ON HIS-CAR.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY STECKEL, LOS ANGELES.

buildings, but with very bad service and cooking; hence the artist, who lives very irregularly, and, when his nerves are highly strung, is not in possession of a good appetite, must have everything to his liking; and the only way to obtain that in America is by engaging one of the private Pullman Cars, which contain all modern luxuries and comforts. Before starting on the car a series of menus is prepared, and, in accordance with the same, the car is provided with everything except fish and bread, which can be obtained at the different stations by telegraphing through the commissariat department of the Pullman Company. Then the head-waiter takes charge of the stores and prepares the menus in the most tempting fashion. As a rule, Paderewski takes his principal meal after his concert, and, as his concert is usually over at half-past ten at night, his dinner-hour is eleven o'clock. But the main comfort consists in not having to rise early in the morning after a hard day's work, for, without having to notify anyone, the car will be hung on to an express train and he wakes up at his next station. Then there is usually a side track, where there is very little noise, for the car to remain during the day. In the observatory-room of this car we carried an upright piano, so that the Master could practise whenever he found it necessary to do so, and, as we did not enter an hotel for three weeks during our trip, this was the only way for him to keep in practice.

platform so exhausted that he might easily contract an illness if he were not immediately taken to his hotel without any delay on the way. On one occasion, however, all our arrangements were upset in consequence of a snow-storm, which delayed the train from Toronto, Ontario, to Suspension Bridge. We arrived, instead of twelve o'clock in the daytime, at seven o'clock in the evening. At eight there was to be a concert in Buffalo, New York; it was impossible to get there in time, so we telegraphed to inform the audience that if they would wait an hour the artist would appear and play his programme through. But the only way for him to accomplish this was for him to dress in the train. When he had decided to do so, it was found that our baggage had been removed into the Custom House, and the Custom House attendants, not knowing of the arrival of this train, had gone home. The only possible way to get at his dress-suit was for me to break open the Custom House window, go in, bring out his dress-suit, and lock up the box again. I accomplished this without being detected, and we arrived, finally, at Buffalo in time for the concert. Of the many incidents which have been related of his travels, this one has hitherto not been told in public. I was always afraid that the authorities might take it into their heads to resent my invasion of the Custom House, but at my last visit the inspector informed me that they had quite overlooked the matter.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



MORONI'S PORTRAIT OF A TAILOR, IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION FROM FRANZ HANFSTAENGL'S CARBON PRINT.

ART NOTES.

As these words are being written the sale of Lord Leighton's various collections and of his works as yet unsold is taking place at Christie's, and is to continue for the space of a week or thereabouts. Upon the first day his Eastern properties will be disposed of, including china, rugs, costumes, and furniture. Later his own paintings will follow in the train, and sketches, which include some of the most charming work



SYBIL, DAUGHTER OF SIR JOSEPH SPEARMAN, BART.—FREDERIC YATES.
Exhibited at the Royal Academy.

which the late President ever accomplished—the studies, that is, which were made by him in Italy and in the East. It is well known that Lord Leighton in his studies was even a greater artist than in his finished work, and he is to be found here, as it were, in flower. They include also many sketches for larger pictures, which, it has been said, “are in many cases more successful than the finished canvases.”

Some of the finished canvases are also mentioned in the catalogue of a late day of the sale. These will include “Rizpah,” exhibited three years ago, and that curious failure, “Perseus and Andromeda,” in which the President ventured to teach a younger artist how the subject might be handled, and himself received a rebuke of which, in justice be it said, he himself was never aware. Later on—indeed, upon the last day of all—will take place the sale of that collection of pictures by Leighton of which we have heard so much in the recent past. Among these are, of course, the Corots, which will doubtless attract many intelligent collectors, and the Constables, too, will engage their legitimate share of attention. Among the names of Old Masters in the collection the chief is that of Tintoretto, which is followed by that of Giorgione. It has been whispered, however, that the value of this collection may not prove to be extremely surprising; but, indeed, not many can decide in this case with any show of authority; for, oddly enough, admirable in taste and choice as Lord Leighton always was, he had no particular care to hang his pictures well in his own house. His Corots, particularly, were always in a semi-darkness, and will need the full flare of day before their worth can be judged.

The Clifford Gallery at present opens to the public a little exhibition of Mrs. Jopling-Rowe's portraits, and a very pretty exhibition it is. Mrs. Jopling always aims at elegance, and it is to be said that she generally attains that at which she aims. In her case, prettiness covers a multitude of sins—of drawing. She has a pretty tastefulness, and never represents a subject in its wrong light; she never need fear complaint from her sitters that they are made ugly by her pains; she would be shocked if such complaint should ever be made against her, for she does her best to avoid it. It is indeed a curious study to note how she escapes from the harsh dictates of accurate drawing by turning her

lines with a graceful kind of ineptitude, and by a vague delight in mere facial elegance. Her sitters, at all events, need not grumble.

The Director of the National Gallery, Mr. Poynter, is wisely anxious to do all for the national collection in the way of representation that can be done; and it is for that object, doubtless, that the recent purchases have been made of the Goyas—three in number—which have been temporarily hung in the Spanish Room of the Trafalgar Square gallery. That they are really worthy specimens of that most engrossing and attractive master may indeed be doubted. They all lack Goya's peculiar dramatic vitality, his rich colour, and his amazing capacity for the representation of motion. Nevertheless, although here we do not have the artist at his best—and in such a great collection as this the more's the pity—it is something to have him at all. So we will not overmuch blame Mr. Poynter, who has not escaped scot-free at the hands of others.

The Fine Art Society, always admirably forward to do all in its power to advance the reputations of those whose fame deserves recognition, has now on show a collection of the late Mr. H. G. Hine's water-colours. He was, as one need not be at the trouble to state, the Vice-President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, and his work has always been appreciated for its worth, as the outcome of the labour of an intelligent, solid, and satisfactory artist. This little collection at Bond Street is precisely the expression of these admirable qualities. It is chiefly composed of landscapes of the South Downs, and in every instance one may note the careful handling, the conscious and sincere approach, the entire determination to fulfil in colour and line that which his pictorial vision enabled him to see. One would assuredly not claim for Mr. Hine that he looked upon nature with a poet's eye; he was no Corot; but he saw more than his average contemporary, and, thus seeing, his conscientiousness did the rest.

It is, perhaps, a questionable little matter if real Indian Art is altogether acceptable to the British public, or even to that minute portion of the British public which interests itself in artistic possibilities. For, in truth, it is not likely that, in matters artistic, India will ever have any great influence upon the Western world, or, if it has any influence at all, that this will be comparable, say, to the example and infectious loveliness of the art of Japan. India is emphatically not the home of universal art; its best work implies little more than beautiful *bizarrierie*. Nevertheless, there are good people abroad who profess enthusiasm for the art of India, and Lady Lansdowne has just opened at the Albert Hall an Exhibition of Indian Art and Industries, concerning which, one is told, “the invitations sent to India met with encouraging response from various chiefs.” The result is a collection of very handsome and solid works of art, in brass, in copper, in silver, in ebony, in sandals, and in all the various weighty mediums which characterise particularly the art of that country. Let it be said, however, that this same result is interesting, and to the ethnologist even acutely so.

The most recent sale of consequence has been that of the artistic property of Mr. Arthur Seymour and of Mr. W. Angerstein. Some of the prices were remarkable enough; Romney's lovely portrait of the two daughters of Lord Thurlow, the famous Chancellor, went for the large sum of 2550 guineas, although it may be observed that this was within a little of the sum which a second-rate artist asked for a second-rate Academy work three years ago. Various portraits of the Angerstein family went for large sums. A curious contrast was shown in the sale of portraits of “Mrs. Angerstein and Child,” one by Sir Thomas Lawrence and one by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The Lawrence went for 2150 guineas, the Sir Joshua for 1550 guineas—a curious reversion in the order of merit. Another Lawrence, a portrait of Mrs. Locke, widow of William Locke, fetched the sum of 1350 guineas, and a third brought 1000 guineas; so that it can scarcely be said that this painter, whom we have all been in the sad habit of despising, is in want of popularity. Compared to this record, a Cavalletto, other Sir Joshuas, and several Hoppners were to be picked up for a song. So fickle is the story of the sales.



STUDY FOR “THE MASQUE OF CUPID.”—SIR E. BURNE-JONES.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



A NECK-TO-NECK FINISH.



PETS.



A PASTORAL.

FARMER : Now, I don't want to catch you here again.
 BOY : No more don't I!



AT THE SEASIDE.

LODGER: I found something this morning in my bed-room—

LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER: There ain't such a thing in the 'ouse: you must have brought it with you!

LODGER: I was going to say that I found half-a-crown in my bed-room.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A STOCK EXCHANGE ROMANCE.

BY RICHARD ASHE KING.

There was both a negative and a positive reason for her antipathy to the budding financier, but the positive only she dared assign to her father.

"He thinks of nothing but money, father."

"He thinks a good deal of you, Minnie."

"As a purse full of money; only as that. Do you suppose for a moment he would care for the purse, however pretty *you* may think it," she said, rubbing her cheek against her father's, "if it were empty? Not he!"

"He's the steadiest young fellow I know," replied her father evasively.

"Oh, yes; he's as steady as a rock—and as feeling."

"Feeling! Feeling is all very well, Minnie, but it doesn't wear. A young fellow with an old head on his shoulders is constant. What he is at twenty he will be at eighty."

"You mean he's eighty at twenty. I might as well marry old Swanswick; I should then at least have the comfort of knowing that I couldn't have sixty years of his companionship before me."

There was a pause of some moments, during which she stood behind her father as he sat, her arm round his neck, and her cheek pressed against his. Presently he said, "I should like to have your future assured, Minnie; and it would be absolutely assured with him. *He* will never lose his head on the Stock Exchange," he added, with a sigh.

"No," she rejoined, disregarding the sigh, to which she attached no significance. "No, he will never lose anything. But I should like a man who was capable of losing something—say, a heart."

"Have you formally and finally refused him, Minnie?"

"Not yet, father; he says in his—in his tender, that he will call this evening for my answer. But——"

At this moment the young gentleman himself entered the room, unannounced, in a state of unusual, unprecedented even, agitation.

"Did you hear this African news, sir? It is ruin, absolute ruin! I put every farthing I could scrape together, by your advice, into Cohens, and——"

"My daughter, Mr. Minchin," Minnie's father said stiffly, with a formal inclination of the head toward her, as though he were introducing her.

"I beg pardon. How do you do, Miss Hamilton?" Mr. Minchin said, so perfunctorily that Minnie smiled; but the significance of this sudden change in his bearing towards her was far from a smiling matter to her father.

"I did what I advised you to do, Mr. Minchin. Even you would hardly expect me to be more sagacious for you than for myself."

"Then you're ruined; that's all I can say—you're ruined!" cried Mr. Minchin, with a vindictive fury of which no one who knew him could suppose him capable.

"It was considerate of you to come to break the news to my daughter," Mr. Hamilton said with a studied calmness; but his face was dead-white and the hand with which he pulled the bell trembled.

Mr. Minchin was silent—silenced by the incredibly mean thoughts that passed through his narrow brain. Would they hold him to his proposal? Would there be a breach of promise case? Before he could recover from the confusion of this new terror the footman appeared.

"Show this gentleman out," Mr. Hamilton said, pointing to Mr. Minchin, upon whom he immediately turned his back. Mr. Minchin stared for a moment at Mr. Hamilton's back in helpless bewilderment, and then, without venturing to glance at Minnie, turned and quitted the room.

The door had no sooner closed behind him than Mr. Hamilton put his arm round his daughter's waist, kissed her with exceeding tenderness, and said, "He appeared pat for your purpose, Minnie, like a witness called into the box to prove your case; and he *has* proved it with a vengeance."

She turned to face him, and, putting both arms round his neck, she asked tremulously, "But it's not true, father?"

"That he's a cur? I fear it is, dear," her father answered, with a faint smile.

Dismissing the poor creature with an impatient pat of her foot upon the floor, she asked again, "That you're ruined? It's not true?"

"I have only his word for it; but I shall soon know for myself, and I shall not be afraid to let you know, dear. You're a brave girl, Minnie, and I have no doubt of your bearing bravely the worst that can happen."

"We have always each other, father," she answered, clinging to him lovingly.

For the moment he was quite unmanned, but, presently recovering himself, he said, "I must not lose another moment, dear; I shall wire to you from the City if there should be anything new." "New," of course, meant good news.

He hastened to the City, leaving her alone with her thoughts of him and of George. She felt such a longing in her lonely trouble for this young gentleman's sympathy that she had almost yielded to the temptation to telegraph to him. Instead, however, she sat down to write him a long letter, into which she poured out her whole heart. Hardly

had she finished it before George Rutland himself made his appearance. He entered the room in his usual languid way, but the door had no sooner closed behind the footman than he laid aside this manner with his hat. Seizing her by both hands, he drew her to him, and asked eagerly, when he had kissed her, "You're in some trouble?" for it was written in her face.

"It was that brought you?" she answered.

"Well, yes; I heard some rumours. But they're not true?"

"I don't know. I had just written to you, but you seem to have heard all we have heard as soon as ourselves."

"Oh, I hear everything," he answered, with a cheering smile. And he certainly did hear as many and various things as any man in London. He was a young barrister who held by the theory that a knowledge of law was of merely incidental advantage to a lawyer. The main thing was a knowledge of the world, in order to understand cases, and a knowledge of human nature, in order to understand juries. Hence he went everywhere, and wherever he went was welcome. He had a chameleon-like faculty of taking the colour of whatever society he happened to be in, not affectedly but sympathetically; and this, with his sweet temper, genial manner, and ready wit, made him an universal favourite. But I must admit that no one took him seriously—solicitors least of all; while his facetious friends suggested that he maintained relays of rich maiden-aunts along the road of life to carry him on from stage to stage. Certainly two such convenient relatives had died opportunely, each leaving him a substantial bequest. But he was a free-handed young gentleman, and especially generous to friends in need—a regular Cave of Adullam to intimates in debt, distress, or difficulty. Money, therefore, slipped through his fingers, like water that runneth apace, in spite of his repeated resolutions to invest it soundly and live strictly on the interest. He was continually asking his commercial friends for advice—which he never took—about investment, an inept habit that greatly prejudiced Mr. Hamilton against him.

"He'd rather eat than sow his seed-corn," Minnie's father said contemptuously of him, but not untruly.

Having first seized her letter to him and pocketed it, in spite of her remonstrances (pleading that by postal law letters belonged to the addressee not the addresser), George drew her to a sofa, set her by his side, put his arm round her waist, and nicely adjusted her head on his shoulder.

"Now tell me all about it, pet," he said.

She told him all, not omitting the Minchin proposal and its virtual retraction.

"The sweep!" he exclaimed. "I was at Harrow with him, where he 'rooked' the fellows all round, and was known as 'The Spider.' But surely that bloodless blood-sucker was never in partnership with your father?"

"No, no: of course not. But they had shares in the same investment—some African mine, I think, which father had recommended to him."

"You don't remember the name of it?" George asked eagerly.

"It's too late for you to invest in it now," she answered, smiling, for the temptation to rally him on his Aladdin-like quest of some wonderful lamp of an investment was irresistible.

"I am not so sure about that," he answered, without an answering smile, but seriously, and even excitedly. I wish you could remember the name."

"I remember it quite well; 'Cohens.'"

"Whew! 'Cohenores,' as they are called in Stock Exchange slang?"

"I suppose so. Why? What is it, George?" for he had started up excitedly.

"Can't tell you. Haven't time. Haven't a moment. By George!" he gasped, seizing his hat, and making for the door. He had hardly quitted the room when he returned to shout through the doorway, "It mayn't be all right; but there's a chance. Don't expect too much. Back in a couple of hours."

She stood where he had left her staring in stony bewilderment at the open door. She had never before seen him excited, and never imagined that he could be *so* excited. What was it? What could he, of all men, know of mines or shares, or the meteorological-like uncertainty of Stock Exchange fluctuations? It was a great mystery of which she could make nothing. She had, however, love's faith in her hero, who, she believed, might be anything, even a Rothschild, if he had had the mind—only the mind, you see, was lacking, to quote "Elia's" joke.

Meanwhile, George for the first time in his life was in a hurry—the hurry of a whirlwind. He longed to tip the engine-driver to make more speed to London Bridge. At London Bridge he promised the hansom-driver double fare if he fetched his bank in ten minutes. At the bank he drew out all his money (which had lain there waiting investment), for, as he had no idea of the amount to his credit, he could not give a cheque for it. The amount, £7472 3s. 6d., was a mild disappointment to him, for, of course, he had calculated on another hundred or two; but he would have taken much more to heart the failure of an expected letter from Minnie. Outside the bank he took a hansom with a fresh horse, and, by again putting a premium on speed, reached Mr. Hamilton's office within the time stipulated for. Suppose Hamilton was not in, that he was on 'Change, or elsewhere? George was in so wild a hurry

that this possibility never occurred to him till he stood on the steps of the office. But the merchant was in—sitting in his office like Marius among the ruins of Carthage. He raised the head which had rested on his desk, hidden by his clasped hands, as Rutland entered.

"Have you sold your Cohenores, sir?" George asked breathlessly, without apology, prologue, or greeting.

"Yes; too late," Mr. Hamilton replied, with a look of perplexed inquiry in his haggard face.

"Then you must buy them back, sir, at once. There's not a moment to lose. We must beat the evening papers!"

Mr. Hamilton stared as though he wondered whether he himself was dreaming or Rutland was mad.

"Why, what—?" he began.

"I can't tell you, sir. I can give you no reason or explanation. You must take my word for it, backed by all I have in the world," he cried, producing his roll of notes and placing them on the desk in front of the merchant. "Seven thousand odd, sir. I should have bought at once, if I had not been as anxious for you as for myself."

"But what interest have you in my affairs, Mr. Rutland?" asked Mr. Hamilton, who was evidently more perplexed than ever.

"D— Jameson!" Mr. Hamilton cried fiercely from between his clenched teeth.

"Oh, I don't know," George replied cheerily. "Jameson has his uses, 'like the toad, ugly and venomous, which wears a precious jewel in his head.' But for Jameson we should not have got those shares for half nothing."

"For half what they're worth," sneered Mr. Hamilton. "Where's this wonderful news that was to make them go up like a balloon?"

"Oh, it's on the way," George answered lightly, though his heart was far from being light within him. Had he thrown away this seven thousand pounds which would have stood between Minnie and destitution?

"Well, I have lost nothing," Mr. Hamilton said at last.

"And I, everything!" rejoined George. "But to-morrow will show."

They walked on together, in silence for the most part, to London Bridge Station, where the first thing they saw confronting them was the contents-bill of the *Hour to Hour*, with this line in colossal capitals—"CHANTICLEER WINS!" Chanticleer was the Minister whose vigorous intervention secured the commercial stability of the ventures that had been imperilled. As the vigour of his intervention took the whole world by surprise, it cannot be supposed that George's political



THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: STEAMING INTO ACTION.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SYMMONS AND THIELE, CHANCERY LANE.

"Your daughter's interests, Mr. Hamilton, are more to me—a thousand times more to me—than my own."

"My daughter! What? Are you—?"

"Do not—do not let us lose another moment. I shall explain to you as we go along. I have a hansom waiting."

Drowning men clutch at a straw. Mr. Hamilton for the last hour had been staring inevitable ruin in the face, and here was a faint, fantastic hope of retrieval. Not so faint and fantastic after all, since it had the substantial backing of seven thousand pounds. Either Rutland was mad or he had grounds that seemed good to him for venturing his all in this sinking galley. Decidedly he was not mad; and, though the grounds of his venture might not seem as solid to a business man as to this sanguine young gentleman, still they must have some substance. In a word, Mr. Hamilton, having realised his utter ruin as things stood, felt he had nothing to lose and everything to gain by such a turn of the wheel as George Rutland was willing to back with his whole fortune.

They found the shares had sunk even lower than when Mr. Hamilton had sold his, and could now be bought for as many shillings as they had fetched pounds yesterday. Having invested in them at this price every farthing they possessed, they issued forth in time to hear the shrill cries of the evening-newspaper boys. They bought copies of all that were out, but in none was there a line to raise the price of "Cohenores" by a farthing. All, however, were full of Jameson and his raid.

sagacity had divined it. He must, one would say, have got the hint of it from one of his numberless friends, who, as a secretary's secretary, or in some other official capacity, had access to the Ministerial green-room. He did, indeed, at last confess to Minnie that he had got the hint in a perfectly casual answer of one of his friends to his usual inquiry about a promising investment. "It was the best piece of advice a man ever got, since George owed to it not only his fortune, but his wife."

"Why didn't you buy the first thing in the morning?" asked Mr. Hamilton once.

"Oh, I don't know. To tell you the truth, it didn't seem quite honourable, somehow. It was a bit like unintentional eavesdropping. But when it came to be Minnie's concern!"

"And what on earth made you, with such notions, choose the law as your profession?"

What indeed? But, at least, the law has never chosen him, as, in spite of his profound studies of the world and of human nature, he has never had a brief.

IN THE DEN OF LIONS.

THE TEACHER: Patrick, why didn't the lions eat Daniel when he was put among them?

PATRICK: Shure, Mum, Oi don't know, unless dey were good Catolicks and it happened on a Fridhay.—*Life*.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

Photographs by Gregory, Strand.



ADMIRAL THE EARL OF CLANWILLIAM.



ADMIRAL SIR M. CULME-SEYMOUR.



ADMIRAL RICHARD WELLS.



ADMIRAL LORD WALTER KERR.

MR. BEERBOHM TREE'S NEW THEATRE.

"Her Majesty's Theatre," in the Haymarket, which is the title of the new theatre which is to be built for Mr. Beerbohm Tree's occupation, will be raised on the débris of its immediate precursor and on the ashes of its predecessors. Fire has hitherto punctuated the periods of the

former existences of the historic house, but the pickaxe has this time played the tune of destruction. It was on this spot that the first house devoted to opera in England was started by Sir John Vanbrugh, the foundation-stone of which, named "the Little Whig," in honour of Lady Sunderland, the most celebrated Whig toast and beauty of her day, was laid in 1704. The first opera was "The Triumph of Love"; and it was in this house that the first oratorio, Handel's "Esther," was given in England, one hundred and sixty-four years ago. Alas! the theatre, in 1789, was burnt, but one can view its original form as depicted in Smith's "Historical and Literary Antiquities." The next year another edifice arose, the first



MR. C. J. PHIPPS.

Photo by Kaye, Onslow Place, S.W.

stone being laid by the Earl of Buckingham, while Michael Novosielski was the architect. It was not a fortunate enterprise; it is well to know, however, that John Braham made his début here. In 1818 Messrs. Nash and Repton reconstructed the house, introducing for the first time the present horse-shoe model for the auditorium, while in 1837 the King's Theatre acquired the title of "Her Majesty's." But once more, in 1867, the fire-fiend triumphed. However, in the summer of the following year the reconstruction of the theatre was entrusted to Mr. Charles Lee, while the contractors carried out his specifications in forty weeks. It is this opera-house which has been razed.

It is not necessary to enter into the whys and wherefores of the demolition of the past or of the tardy reconstruction of the present theatre. The question of unexpired leases, mortgages, and ground rents plays too much a thinking part to be entertaining.

The new theatre is from the designs of Mr. C. J. Phipps, F.S.A., architect. It occupies a length of 150 ft. towards Charles Street, bounded by the Royal Opera Arcade, and having a frontage of 86 ft. in the Haymarket, which increases to 94 ft. at the Arcade end. All will be built of Portland stone. The site is devoted entirely to the theatre and its appurtenances, there being no shops or buildings of any other kind on it, and it is practically isolated on three sides. A wall of considerable thickness separates the theatre from the hotel which is being constructed on the remaining portion of the site.

The theatre will be divided so as to accommodate seven classes of audience. On the ground floor, level with the street, will be the pit, and twelve rows of the stalls with two prices, the entrance to the latter being from the vestibule in the Haymarket, and having also an additional exit into Charles Street. There are two entrances into the pit, one in Charles Street, and the other in the Haymarket. The dress-circle on the first tier will have eight rows of seats. The corridor surrounding this tier will be level with the foyer, which opens on to the loggia in the centre of the Haymarket façade. The second tier, or upper circle, has ten rows of seats, and behind the corridor enclosing the circle will be a gallery of five rows. These two classes of the audience, although entirely distinct and having two entrances and exits for each, occupy practically one tier, thus avoiding the great height occasioned in some theatres by the third tier. The theatre will hold upwards of sixteen hundred persons. A novel feature in the design, which has been carried out previously only in the theatre lately designed by Mr. Phipps at Glasgow, is the absolute separation of the auditorium from the stage, the proscenium-opening forming the junction between the two, there being above the proscenium a space of some ten feet between the two walls of the auditorium and the stage. The stage-opening is closed with a fire-resisting curtain, which is taken up by hydraulic machinery out of sight and in one piece. Mr. Phipps was the first architect to introduce this form of curtain in this country.

Mr. Tree has decided to have the stage entirely flat. It is, perhaps, an experiment in this country; but, considering that almost all stages in German theatres are level, there appears no reason why this plan should not be tried in London. The flat stage is more conducive to the smooth

working of the scenery than a sloping one. The façade is in the French Renaissance style, and will form one wing of the building adjoining it, which runs down to Pall Mall. All modern improvements in electric-lighting, warming, and ventilation will be adopted. The contractor is Mr. Lovatt, of Wolverhampton, who has undertaken to get the theatre finished internally and ready to be opened by Feb. 1 next.

Among the fifty theatres designed by Mr. Phipps in London one may mention the Gaiety, Vaudeville, Strand, Haymarket, Savoy, Princess's, Prince of Wales's, Shaftesbury (1888), and Lyric (1888); while in the English provinces Mr. Phipps is responsible for, in the principal towns, as Bath, Bristol, Liverpool, and Wolverhampton, just a score of theatres. In Scotland and Ireland his work is widely known and has given much satisfaction. Many other buildings erected by him in London and elsewhere might be mentioned. Mr. Phipps held the appointment of architect to the company of the proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre for fifteen years, until the lease fell into the hands of the ground landlord. The decorations of the new Her Majesty's are as yet undecided.

Yet another new theatre for London is to be erected at Fulham, which comprises Walham Green, West Kensington, Brompton, Putney, Hammersmith, Chelsea, and the surrounding districts. The situation that has been acquired is freehold, and its perfect adaptability for the purpose of a theatre (being absolutely isolated on all sides from public thoroughfares) has enabled the architect to design a most perfect and complete system of entrances and exits, vestibule, crush-room, saloons, and retiring-rooms, with an auditorium to hold upwards of 2500 persons, while the dimensions of the stage will allow for the production of any attraction, it having a width of seventy-five feet and depth of forty feet, the height from stage to grid being fifty-six feet. The construction of the theatre will be concrete and steel, and every possible detail has been studied for the absolute safety and comfort of the public. The proprietor, a well-known gentleman who is largely interested in many similar enterprises in connection with the theatrical world and also the fine arts, is expending upwards of £30,000 on the building and land—in short, nothing will be spared to render the theatre one of the most perfect in the kingdom. The decorations and furnishing of the house will be both artistic and luxurious, and the electric-light derived from the proprietor's own plant will form a special feature in the scheme of decoration. The building will be provided with a complete system of heating, ventilation, sanitation, fire appliances, &c., and the dressing-rooms will be situate in a separate block, with every comfort and convenience for the artists. The lessee and manager of London's latest theatre is Mr. A. F. Henderson, whose long connection with our leading West-End houses should ensure the success of the enterprise, and it is his intention, while supplying his patrons with only first-class attractions, to maintain the usual popular suburban prices. The planning and designing of the new theatre have been entrusted to the well-known theatrical architect Mr. W. G. R. Sprague, whose



MR. TREE'S NEW THEATRE.

experience and ability in this special branch of his profession (this being the fourth of our London and suburban theatres designed by him) is a sufficient guarantee that the building will be as perfect in every detail as modern science can make it. Building operations will be pushed forward to enable the opening to take place about the end of the year.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

For the second time this season the full strength of Australia will be pitted against the presumably full strength of England at Manchester to-morrow. The selection of our international teams is not satisfactory. For the match played at Lord's the Committee of the M.C.C. chose the England eleven, for the Manchester fixture the Lancashire executive select the team, while for the Oval match the Surrey Committee try their 'prentice hand on England's elect. No doubt each selecting committee are loyal to what they consider the best interests of England, but it does not always happen that any one of these committees represents the feeling of the cricket community. The M.C.C., for instance, evidently never considered the claims of Briggs of Lancashire. At any rate, he was not one of the thirteen from whom the team was finally selected. Now, however, the Lancashire Committee allow the name of Briggs to go forth as one of the selected before any other name is mentioned. As it happens, I agree that Briggs is worth his place, especially if it is a bad wicket, but, then, there are thousands of equally good judges who consider that others have prior claims to the little Lancashire bowler. Surely for International purposes, if for no others, we should have a National Committee of Management. Each first-class county could send a representative, and, with another for the M.C.C., one would have a really representative body, fifteen in number, to decide these important matters.

Of course, the second test-match at Manchester to-morrow overshadows everything else in cricket. What are the chances of the Australians? Owing to the large element of luck in cricket, it is rarely two to one on any side in an important match; but if ever these odds were justified, I think they might fairly be laid on England in this encounter. Old Trafford, however, is a ground that gets more than its fair share of rain, and, consequently, the luck may easily fall to the side that wins the toss. Mr. Trott is proverbially lucky in the spin of the coin, and I shall not be at all sorry to see him get the advantage once again.

If there be a merrier soul than "Harry" Trott playing cricket it has not been my good fortune to meet him. Even the excise officer who mulcted the genial Australian captain in costs for a few extra cigars got a smile as well as a few sovereigns from the Melbourne man. Harry is not only a good fellow; he is also a very great cricketer. When he paid his first visit to this country he was looked upon as the emergency man of the team. Three years ago, he had made himself indispensable to an Australian eleven, but this journey he has improved out of all knowledge, especially as a batsman. I shall never forget that glorious 143 of his in the first test-match at Lord's. It was one of the finest attempts to save a game that was ever seen. He has a big heart, has Harry Trott. He is also a good slow bowler with a tremendous leg-break, and in fielding at point I look in vain for his master. As a general he is resourceful and strategic, and—well, what more do you want?

The North Adelaide Cricket Club have for the second season in succession gained the premier position in the South Australian Cricketing Association, the leading association in the Colony, losing only one match during the past season. They owe this position to having a very evenly balanced team. Their best batsman, C. Hill, is now with the Australians in England, and readers will have an opportunity of judging his play for themselves. They have several

bowlers of equal excellence, and are hard workers in the field, the captain, Pittinger, setting them an excellent example in this department. Their greatest win was going in against 389 made by the South Adelaide. They topped this score with the loss of six wickets, no player reaching the century; one of the South Adelaide bowlers being Jones, now in England with the Australian Eleven. Another fine score was against the Ports. On the first day, owing to several men being run out, they lost seven wickets for 130 runs, but before the last man was disposed of the score had reached 603, three of the players getting over the century.

ROWING.

Henley has been a great success from every point of view. For once in a way ideal weather favoured the Royal Regatta, and there was no "Cornell" hitch in the proceedings. I fancy every Englishman was secretly glad that Leander whacked Yale; but most of us were sorry that the plucky Americans were drawn against such a powerful crew at the first go-off. It was a long way for the Yale boys to come to accomplish so little. And yet they did a good deal in a way, by showing they possessed "hearts of oak" in a stern chase. They were beaten by methods rather than by men, and I feel sure the Yale men will profit by their experience. A finer, manlier, pluckier lot of fellows never shipped an oar. I hope they will visit us again, and that, having adopted British methods, they will beat us at our own game.

The march of progress has extended to matters aquatic with a vengeance. The factor of safety has to be studied in the manufacture of a light racing-boat just as in the making of a bicycle.

On the following page is a portrait of the lightest sculling-boat built, which has just been presented by its maker, Mr. J. H. Clasper, of the well-known boat-building firm, to Wag Harding, England's champion, for his international meeting with Stansbury, of Australia, on the 13th.

The "record boat" weighs precisely 12½ lb. in the primitive state, and even when fitted throughout goes no more than 18 lb. Mexican cedar is the material used, and a

more perfect piece of work could not be seen. It is 30 ft. long, 9 in. beam, depth 5 in., height for'ard 2½ in., aft 1½ in. Harding is delighted with his present, and should he lose to Stansbury the boat will not be blamed. Mr. J. H. Squires made the presentation, and among those assisting at the ceremony were the Hon. A. Guinness and W. East, the ex-champion.

The picture shows Mr. Clasper, Mr. Green (the Queen's Waterman) and Wag Harding. In aquatic circles there is no name so well known as that of Clasper, who provides nearly all the boats for the Oxford and Cambridge crews.

Wag Harding is the youngest champion of England at sculling, and yet there is greater confidence expressed in his ability to win than ever before. Harding is, for instance, a much better class man than Bubeat, and he set the seal upon his fame when he twice defeated Thomas Sullivan, of New Zealand.

ATHLETICS.

With practically all the crack runners suspended on the eve of the championships, it was not surprising to find the times slow in all cases



MR. G. H. S. TROTT.

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

except the hurdles, where Godfrey Shaw, with the wind behind him, created a record in 15½ sec. In the four-miles walk W. J. Sturgess created a world's record in the wonderful time of 28 min. 57½ sec. How many men out of training could even run the distance in the time?

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

It is generally expected that the St. Leger this year will be one of the best races seen on the Doncaster Town Moor for a long time, and it is hoped the Prince of Wales will be present to see Persimmon run. I think the colt is very likely to win, as, in my opinion, he was going very much better than St. Frusquin at the finish of the Princess of Wales's Cup at Newmarket. Persimmon is what is known as a high-puffer, but he is, all the same, quite sound in wind and limb, and I think he is just made for the Doncaster Course, although the book tells us there cannot be much in it at the finish.

St. Frusquin on paper looks like a real certainty for the Eclipse Stakes. More's the pity, as the big bonanzas all dwindle down to matters of little interest, and the days for big weight-for-age events appear to be numbered. The ordinary sporting-man dearly loves a handicap. He cares little for biennials, triennials, and private sweepstakes, and those clerks of courses will do best in the long run who cater for the public taste. With the money given to the Eclipse Stakes in one year three good handicaps could be organised, and these would catch on right from their inception.

Mr. August Belmont, who has arrived in England to arrange for the transfer of his racing-stud to this country, is a well-known American sportsman, and, as he possesses a stable of good horses, I reckon he will appropriate some of our rich stakes. Mr. Belmont will run his racing-stable on this side on entirely American lines. His trainer and jockey are to be imported, and the stable is to be conducted just as it is in the United States. I am very glad to be able to add that the venture is undertaken entirely in the interest of sport, and Mr. Belmont can rely on fair play and plenty of encouragement from our racing senators and officials.

The Earl of March has very wisely ordered several very necessary improvements in the Goodwood course. The Paddock has been enlarged

Mr. Clasper.

Mr. Green.

Wag Harding.

T. Green, jun.

and the stands have been beautified. I think it is a thousand pities that ladies are not admitted to the County Enclosure, in which the judge's box is placed, as that is the best pitch from which to see the finish of the races. If Mr. Dundas will this year refrain from having stones newly laid up the hill to the course on the eve of the meeting, many of us

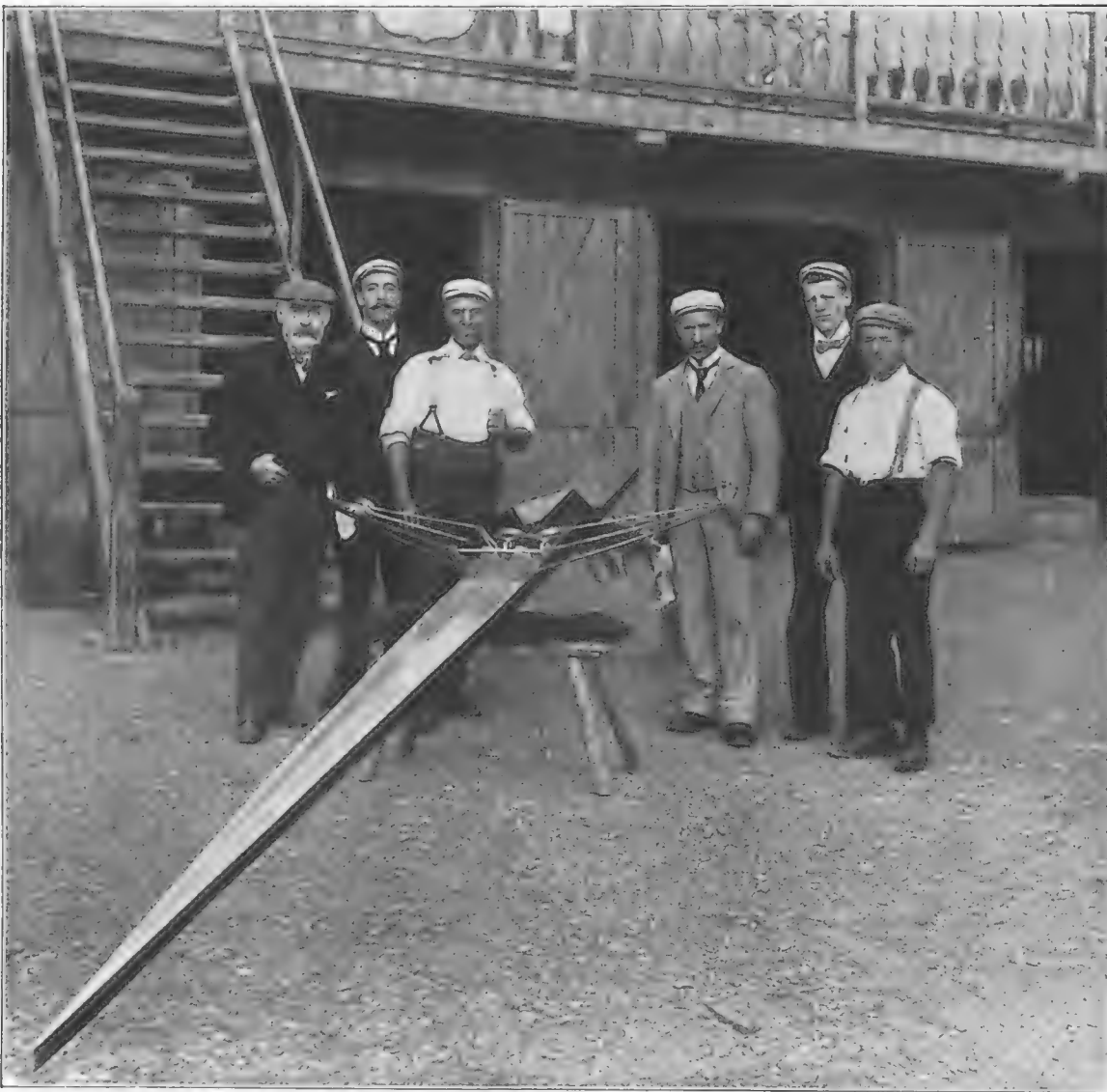


THE NORTH ADELAIDE CRICKET CLUB.

who love the poor horse will be truly thankful. It is bad enough for the horses on old roads, but it is terrible when the stones have been just laid.

The Liverpool Cup is not a popular race with speculators just now, and I doubt if this event will ever gain its old hold on the people. This year's contest does not promise well, which is unfortunate, as the Liverpool executive are liberal in the matter of prize-money, and they deserve good patronage at all their fixtures. The Cup this year may be won by Gazetteer, who is supposed to be the rod in pickle. Bowline will run better than he did at Ascot, where I thought he looked fat. He has come on a lot of late.

Mr. Joe Davis is very lucky in getting the August Bank Holiday for a meeting at Hurst Park, and, as nothing but Ripon clashes, there should be a big gathering on the famous Molesey Hurst, which is one of the most popular gate-money meetings in this country. It may not be generally known that Hampton Races in their early history were much patronised by the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., who then lived at Bushey Park, and who always patronised the sport on the Hurst, whether it were cock-fighting, horse-racing, or a turn up with the "raw 'uns." Her Majesty has been on Hampton Racecourse, and in the 'eighties the Prince of Wales attended the races. Among the most prominent patrons of the course in the olden time were the Rothschild family, and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild and his father were patrons of the meeting and won some of the principal prizes. The great fixture of the old meeting was what was called the "Cup Day," which was a race for the Queen's Plate of a hundred guineas, and the Rothschild family won it more than once. It was then a great carnival for the hard-working denizens of the Old Kent Road and other parts of London—in fact, it was a regular costermonger's Derby, and a very enjoyable day they spent.



A WONDERFUL RACING-BOAT.
Photo by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

LIX.—"JUSTICE OF THE PEACE" AND MR. MACKENZIE.

The *Justice of the Peace* cannot boast of being quite the oldest legal journal in this country, but it is a venerable organ beloved of the Great Unpaid, justices' clerks, guardians, members of county, town, district, and parish councils, &c. It was first published in 1837, the memorable

year of the Queen's accession, and never once has it changed its outward appearance or its price. The great Poor Law Act of 1834 and the Municipal Corporations Act of 1835 brought into existence new bodies, for whose information the *Justice of the Peace and County, Borough, Poor Law Union, and Parish Law Recorder*, to give the full title, was intended. Without suggesting invidious comparisons, it may be said that in the race of Local Government journals the one under review has left all the field behind. In the High Court you may often hear it quoted as the only authority in cases within its scope, and whereas other law journals are invariably referred to by their full titles, this is familiarly and affectionately known as simply the *J.P.*, just as one sees "L.J." or "L.C.J." written after the



MR. W. W. MACKENZIE.

Photo by the Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

names of august personages. Its leading features are special articles on subjects of the hour, authentic reports of trials that have a special interest for its readers, miscellaneous information, and "practical points." This last, which, being interpreted, is "Answers to Correspondents," is, perhaps, the most important.

It is no uncommon thing for magistrates to adjourn their decisions so that doubtful matters may be set at rest in the *J.P.* The editors may not, for another reason, answer queries in the light-hearted fashion of "Vera" or "Belinda" in a ladies' paper—"Try Somebody's soap," or "I saw a love of a bonnet yesterday at —," for the readers of the *J.P.* go to law on the strength of the published replies. Sometimes of late the practical points have been so numerous that supplements have had to be printed. Take up any number and you will see the wide range of questions—boundaries, churchwardens, contracts, drains, game, highways, husbands and wives, licensing, local government, larceny, lunacy, municipal corporations, masters and servants, parish councils, police, poor law, poor rates, public health, sale of food and drugs, stamp duties, summary jurisdiction, vagrancy, and vestries form a fair sample. There is some limit imposed, however, for the editors gravely note, in the copy before me, "We have received a query on the subject of Russian copyright. Such a point is beyond the limits of these columns"—the only gleam of humour, I may remark, to be found in all the sixty columns published by Shaw and Sons.

The *J.P.* has had famous editors, among them being Mr. H. T. Cole, Q.C., M.P., Recorder of Bath; Mr. James Paterson, the great authority on licensing; and Mr. A. Macmorran, Q.C., the expert editor of "Lumley's Public Health." Mr. Macmorran's name still appears as one of the editors of the *J.P.*, along with that of Mr. S. G. Lushington, grandson of the Admiralty judge and editor of "Archbold's Lunacy," and with that of Mr. W. W. Mackenzie, who succeeded Mr. Macmorran as the responsible editor three years ago. Mr. Mackenzie, leaving his native Perthshire, graduated at Edinburgh University in 1885, after a distinguished academic career, and he also studied at University College, London. He was called at Lincoln's Inn, goes the Northern Circuit, and has a practice which many juniors would envy. He is author of "The Poor Law Guardian," a manual now in its fourth edition, and of "The Overseer's Handbook," now in its third edition; and is editor of Pratt's "Law of Highways," now in its thirteenth edition, and editor, together with Sir Samuel George Johnson, of Nottingham (known as the King of Town Clerks), of "Arnold's Law Relating to Municipal Corporations," now in its fourth edition. Mr. Mackenzie's literary efforts, however, have not been confined to legal subjects, for he has contributed to the reviews and magazines on various topics. And, withal, he manages, as I understand, to reduce slowly but surely his handicap at the golf clubs to which he belongs.

The legal reports of the *J.P.* are furnished as follows—House of Lords and Privy Council, Mr. Mackenzie; Appeal Court No. I., Mr. H. S. Scrivener; Chancery Division and Appeal Court No. II., Messrs. G. Rowland Alston, G. B. Hamilton, G. A. Streeten, F. E. Ady, and J. A. Price; Queen's Bench Division, Messrs. S. G. Lushington, Herbert Russell (of "Russell on Arbitration"), and W. H. Leycester; Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division, Mr. H. Durley-Grazebrook; and Central Criminal Court, Mr. Leonard W. Kershaw. With such a galaxy as this it is no wonder—but, no, I don't wish to make these learned gentlemen blush.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

Coming upon an adaptation of an adaptation, one is reminded of Swift's lines on the fleas and lesser fleas, or of De Morgan's neat twist of the lines. Perhaps Messrs. Felix Morris and G. T. Hawtrey would have been wiser to go back to "Le Père de la Débutante," or more modest and candid if they had acknowledged their debt more fully than by using the word "adapted." There is something strongly dramatic in the main idea—or rather, one of the two main ideas of the piece—in the position of the human being who "takes the current when it serves," and, owing to the default of someone who has arrived, gets the chance of showing gifts that might have died unknown. In almost every profession and career we are waiting, like Rose Dufard, for the moment when the Maud Beresford will give us a chance of getting into her shoes. The other aspect, too—the old actor, "the crushed tragedian," the "Dolabella" who, disappointed for himself, hopes for a kind of posthumous success in the triumph of his carefully trained daughter, is touching. It would be almost impossible to make an unattractive piece out of "Le Père de la Débutante," and the latest adapters have had a by no means difficult task; possibly, if the task had been harder, their work would have been better. As it is, one feels that "Behind the Scenes" is not so good as it ought to be. At present it is, unfortunately, somewhat too long or too short. "The First Night" was a one-act farce; the new piece is a farcical comedy in three rather short acts; while listening one seems to have quite enough, afterwards a feeling of something like hunger springs up. However, it amused a great many people, although it was not very brilliantly acted. We all know that Mr. Felix Morris is a remarkably able character-actor, and his Dufard is a clever piece of work. Unfortunately, Mr. Morris has acquired a lachrymose, plaintive manner—it hurt his work in "A Mother of Three," and it does not suit "Behind the Scenes." Miss Sarah Brooke charmed the critics by able work in Mr. H. A. Jones's hapless play at the Lyceum. Since then an admiration that is not surprising for Mrs. Patrick Campbell has caused her to efface herself; consequently, her method did not altogether suit the part of Rose Dufard. Miss Alma Stanley gave a vigorous, striking performance as the leading lady who threw up her part, and consequently lost her place. Useful work was done by Mr. Volpe and Mr. Ernest Cosham.

"The First Night" was adapted by Alfred Wigan, and produced by him at the Princess's in October 1849. Wigan acquired a great reputation for his fine performance of Achille Talma Dufard, and no better "broken English" was heard on our boards until the advent of Mr. G. W. Anson and Mr. Tree. A notable revival of "The First Night" was that at the Folly Theatre in the summer of 1879, during the late Selina Dolaro's spell of management of the little house in King William Street, more recently known as Toole's Theatre. In this Miss Dolaro and Mr. Anson played the chief parts splendidly, and Mr. Harry Nicholls, if I remember rightly, appeared as the stage-manager. There was some talk of Mr. Charles Wyndham resuming his old rôle of Dufard on the recent glorious celebration of his twenty-years of management. Dion Boucicault's "Grimaldi; or, the Life of an Actress," had its origin in the same French source.

Wonder has often been expressed that Mr. Charles Wyndham has never produced "The Liar," Samuel Foote's somewhat ingenious two-act version of "Le menteur." Of all our comedians he is the one that could best handle the part of Young Wilding. For Mr. Charles Hawtrey, who in farcical comedy has held his own, and even founded something like a new school, is unimaginable in the old comedy that we should call a farce. I do not pretend to regret that Mr. Wyndham has neglected the piece, though, as a play, it repays a visit quite as well as several works that he has honoured. To say that I had any great anxiety to see Mr. Bouchier in the part last played, and very well played, by Mr. Edward Compton would be to imitate the hero of the piece. For, although the manager of the Royalty has done one or two brilliant pieces of acting, he has not yet quite reached such a position as to make one anxious to see a play, otherwise unattractive, merely because he is playing in it.

Certainly Mr. Bouchier did not succeed in doing more than was to be expected. Lightness of touch and a hint of mercurial, irresponsible gaiety are needed in the part, and though Mr. Bouchier has an effective humour of his own, these are not the qualities of it. Indeed, even in his most frivolous work there always seems to me to be a slightly Teutonic touch. One can clearly get at the idea by imagining the difference there would have been if Miss Juliette Nesville had played the part taken by Miss Annie Dirkens in "The Little Genius." Miss Dirkens was clever and charming; but there is a touch of heaviness which would not have been found in Miss Nesville. It was this touch of heaviness that affected the work of Mr. Bouchier, and prevented his able work in "The Liar" from being altogether successful. Now Miss Irene Vanbrugh has always shown a pleasant sparkle in her style; no doubt, in very long parts such as Kitty Clive it tends to escape before the end, probably because, dreading monotony, she makes efforts at variety, for which, at present, her technique is not quite sufficient. As Miss Grantham she was wholly charming; her unforced gaiety and archness gave life to every scene. Mr. Ernest Hendrie as Old Wilding gave an excellent performance of a somewhat trying part.

Mr. George Byng, who has succeeded Mr. Herbert Bunning as orchestral director at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, is writing the music of a new piece for Arthur Roberts. Mr. Brookfield is contributing the libretto. The combination is an excellent one, for Mr. Byng is a very clever musician and Charles Brookfield wields a witty pen.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

Have you seen the improved mail canvas covers for bicycles? Have you seen the new chain-cleaning brushes? Have you seen the bicycle button-hole watch? Have you seen the article, "On a Bicycle in the Streets of London," by Susan Countess of Malmesbury, which appears in the current number of the *Badminton Magazine*?

We are told in this article that "a new sport has lately been devised by the drivers of hansom cabs. It consists of chasing the lady who rides



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her bicycle in the streets of the Metropolis." In fine, the writer adds, this new form of sport may be looked upon as the cabman's substitute for the various sorts of sport indulged in by "the leisured classes."

So far so good, but the writer might well have drawn attention to the way in which many private coachmen—I mean the men who vegetate in the country during the greater part of the year and come to town only during the season—utterly disregard cyclists of both sexes. With all his faults, the London cabman usually displays some sort of consideration for persons who ride carefully, and who attend to the rules of the road, whereas the private coachmen referred to would drive over man, woman, or child apparently without compunction. Of course, the true reason is that many men unaccustomed to drive in town often become flurried or bewildered at the sight and sound of so much traffic; therefore, one must not blame them all too severely.

Evidently a certain set of novelists find that it "pays" to bring their stories up to date. I picked up a novel at a bookstall at haphazard and glanced at the opening lines: "'Yes,' remarked the Earl, *stepping gracefully on to his shining safety.*" I picked up another: "So saying, the Viscount *flung himself savagely from his wheel*, and proceeded to . . ." Feeling curious, I opened a third: "Lady Helen Hub truly *revelled in her bicycle*. If only her polished mount had . . ." In desperation I sought a fourth: "*They all rode bikes*, these girls," were the first words that met my eye. The italics are all mine. Assuredly something should be done to prevent this sort of thing from spreading. Why not return to the good, old-fashioned storiette, with the Earl lounging lazily in his luxurious settee, robed in his flowered dressing-gown, and chipping his morning egg?

I am told, and I know it to be true, that a very beautiful young lady of title lately found herself stranded in the purlieus of Leadenhall Street at 2 o'clock a.m., with a disabled bicycle. The strange part of the incident is that none of the party missed her until they had returned as far West as Piccadilly. But, of course, a gallant policeman came to the rescue and made her bicycle "move on."

Persons who have read, in the useful little handbook entitled "A Guide to Cycling," that cycles are "vehicles within the meaning of the Act," should now bear in mind that a well-known Scotch judge, Lord Kyllachy, lately decided that a bicycle is no more a vehicle than a pair of skates. This decision is an odd one, to say the least, for, according to Section 58 of the Local Government (Scotland) Act, 1889, "bicycles, tricycles, velocipedes, and other similar machines are hereby declared to be carriages."

One of the pleasant features of this season compared with previous ones has been the comparative immunity from punctured tyres. It really seems as if perfection had almost been reached in the construction of tyres. The distressing picture of a wearied rider repairing—or, as was too often the case, attempting to repair, a punctured air-tube by the roadside has been rarely seen this year. This may be accounted for by the general substitution of the double for the single-tube variety of pneumatic tyre, which renders an accident to the tube much less frequent; and, when a puncture does occur, repair is much more easily effected.

It will be interesting to wheelwomen to note that in Princess Maud's trousseau is comprised a most becoming costume of fawn-coloured Venetian cloth, lined throughout with silk serge. The skirt is of

moderate width, and at the hem (a most clever idea) are placed at intervals small pockets which may be filled with shot, to keep it down in windy weather, and make it hang gracefully in its place. This appears to be a better arrangement, and is certainly more becoming, than the straps which are so frequently worn and have such an awkward appearance from behind.

With the skirt already described is worn an exceedingly neat single-breasted coat, buttoned down the front, with collar and lapels of unbleached linen, somewhat paler than the cloth, that can be removed or worn at pleasure. I like exceedingly the 'Tam-o'-Shanter hat of leather-hued material, trimmed with owls' quills and black velvet, that will be worn with this smart costume, when the royal bride does not choose to don a simple sailor-hat.

I hear that Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild has a beautiful Humber bicycle, fitted with a B—28 saddle. Dr. Jameson, Sir William Gordon Cumming, and Lady Mary Lascelles also ride Humpers. Wanting to order a new saddle myself, I found it most difficult to choose between a B—30 and a B—40, but finally decided upon the latter, as it was so neatly fitted with springs beneath, which made it particularly easy to ride, and tired one so little. Both of these saddles had width as well as length, and I could not help thinking that one might ride many miles without feeling the slightest fatigue.

I fear that the huge monopoly formed by the reconstruction of the Pneumatic Tyre Company will prevent for some time to come any reduction in the price of cycles. There is said to be great difficulty in obtaining the raw material for the construction of air-tubes: the price of Para rubber from the forests of Brazil has, I am informed, advanced something like two hundred per cent. Since the great cycling boom the demand for cycle and carriage tyres has become so enormous that the supply has proved to be quite inadequate. This is very serious when we consider that the air-tube now averages about one-third of the cost of the entire cycle.

Mr. H. M. Stanley described vast forests of rubber-trees in "Darkest Africa." Let us hope, in the interests of cyclists, that our troubles in the Dark Continent may soon end, in order that an unlimited supply of the necessary indiarubber may speedily reach the markets.

Some whimsical wheelman of literary tastes has taken the trouble to compile a list of Shaksperian passages wherein the bard may, humorously, of course, be considered to have referred to cycling. The first remark of this commentator, that Hamlet's father must have frequented a bicycling academy, else the Ghost would never have said, "Oh, what a *falling off* was there," may be accepted as a sample of the merry skit. "King Lear," "Coriolanus," "The Comedy of Errors," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Much Ado About Nothing," and "Antony and Cleopatra" are other plays from which wheeling allusions have been culled. Particularly amusing is the use made of such terms as "tire" (with an "i," it is true), and "safety."

A BOWLING CHAMPION.

Mr. J. W. G. Coombs, of Withington, the winner of the Lancashire and Cheshire Amateur Bowling Championship, has been vice-president of the county association since its inception on June 16, 1888. On

the establishment of the inter-club competition, now known as the county championship, he offered the first prize, value thirty-five pounds, which, after a prolonged contest, was won by the Midland club of which for many years he has filled the position of treasurer. He has always been a prominent member of the Withington county team, and was chosen captain of that successful organisation some years since. He is a county councillor and magistrate.

MR. COOMBS.
Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

ON TROUSSEAUX AND OTHER MATTERS OF MOMENT.

The forthcoming royal marriage festivities will naturally tend to galvanise the expiring season into some semblance of life, and, though a good many country people have already shaken the dust of London from their bucolic soles, dances and junketings of sorts are fixed for every date, even up to the end of July. Those charming relics of bygone coquetry,



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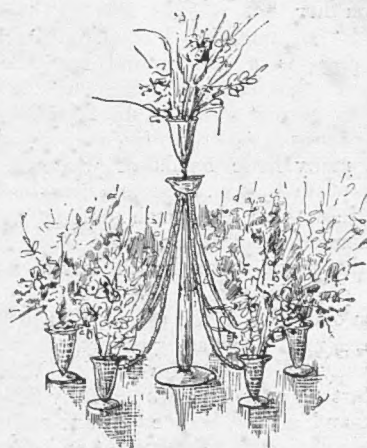
A MATINÉE FOR PRINCESS MAUD AT GRAHAMS'.

the Pavane and Morris dances, have been introduced at various big balls this season with immense effect. The Princesse de Rohan has led the fashion in France, and at her recent ball a group of well-known beauties were told off to posture prettily in Louis XIII. dresses, their cavaliers coated to match. The Princesse Stirbey's handsome daughter wore the loveliest conceivable frock of rose satin, embroidered in roses and white flowers. Over this first skirt another in white satin opened in front, being very full, and covering the rose skirt. It was quaintly bunched up in gathers at the waist. The bodice, low-cut and square in front, was high behind, and finished with a Medicis collar in filet d'or, overlaid with lace, and literally studded with gems. The neck and puffed sleeves, similarly treated, were infinitely picturesque with straps and loopings of white and rose satin, intermixed as only deft French fingers could admix them.

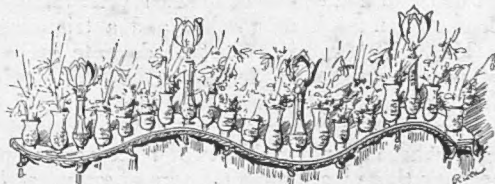
Coming to Princesses nearer home, I had a glance at some dainty cambric of cobwebby texture and exquisite stitchery just on the point of being sent to Marlborough House from Grahams', of Mount Street, who have worthily performed their task of supplying the delicate linens and laces of Princess Maud's wedding outfit. Nothing could be more dainty and yet simple than these masterpieces of lingerie; and the patriotic spirit of the Princess of Wales is evidenced even in these matters of silken finery, all the materials being, as far as possible, the work of English looms. A matinée for Princess Maud, in pale-blue plissé silk and marabout feather trimming, is shown in this drawing. The material, exquisitely soft and warm, is of English make and a specialty of Grahams', who make it up into smart underskirts with flounces of lace and chiffon, many charming examples of which are included in the contents of Princess Maud's well-stocked dower-chests.

A most luxurious Goodwood dress has just been made by Grahams for a smart dame whose house-parties at race-meets are a proverb among "the set." It is of a golden-hued tissue, called "Limon d'or," made over a transparency of the same tone, guipure embroideries in relief placed irregularly over front and sides. The bodice, plaited at the waistband, is enriched with the same beautiful embroideries; skilful touches of blue at neck and sleeves relieve the gold colour acceptably and becomingly, poppy-petals in ciel-blue silk being admixed at neck. A high waistband of the same shade, draped in skilful folds, closes in front with a double hook of gold and turquoise. Grahams' begin their sale on the 20th inst., by the way, when all kinds of their superfine lingerie, blouses, matinées, silken skirts, and so forth, will be sold off at vastly reduced prices, in order to make way for new models.

This season's dinner-tables have probably eclipsed all foregoing ones in the originality and beauty of their appointments, and hostesses of the first flight have vied with each other in the effort to produce an impression on the sated imaginations of their guests. At one dinner which I had the dubious delight of attending, the table was entirely covered not with linen, lace, or brocade, but with La France roses. Each plate was buried to the brim in odorous petals, and, but for the advent of an odd spider or other crawling thing—all of which I hold in deepest terror—the dinner might have passed off a faint reflex of Paradise, as it was meant to be. Meanwhile, my neighbour found an earwig capering across his *sole au vin blanc*, and a *vis-à-vis* shuddered palpably as her *tortue claire* showed floating islands of gnats; so the rose-feast had its drawbacks. Another—but I really cannot harrow my readers with such experiences. Sufficient to say that one of the most sensible, effective, and at the same time charming, novelties of the moment is a floral treatment of our festive board called the "Serpentine," designed by Osler, and here illustrated. Made in sections of crescents, this decorative fancy can be attuned to the whim or wish of the dinner-giver *ad lib*. Either as a circle, star, wheel, or otherwise, astronomically or geometrically, the so-called "serpentine" decoration is the very acme of adaptiveness, and in pierced gilt metal and glass forms one of the best possible investments. Tall decorations are also frequently asserting their regeneration at smart dinners, and one of the prettiest possible is the May-pole, also a conceit of Osler's inventive faculty. In green glass or white, with posies in its corners, this idea is a charming one, and bound to become popular with the revival of tall dinner-table decorations. Among their novelties of electric-lighting a drawing-room ceiling scheme, invented by Osler, particularly charmed me. It consisted of festoons in a regular design as central ornament, from which depended Cupids in dull gold, each pointing his electric torch downwards. Again, baskets of flowers in hammered metals of varying tints are a specialty with this firm. These hang also from the



THE MAY-POLE: A NEW TABLE CENTRE.



THE SERPENTINE: A DINNER DECORATION.

NOVELTIES AT OSLER'S.

ceiling, one or two five candle-power lights showing up the niceties of their design. Of dinner-services, table-glass, and all other appointments of the home, whether stately or simple, Osler holds unbounded choice. And no "stranger and pilgrim" in this great town should complete his sight-seeing without a visit to this veritable palace of glass.

Returning once more to the inevitable subject of clothes, I notice that marine-blue foulards have again become a vogue this month. There

were some notably smart frocks of this material at the Wheel Club Races on Saturday afternoon, an institution which, by the way, is rapidly going ahead, as its title would indeed imply. The club-house, formerly Dion Boucault's suburban dwelling, has been converted into the completest possible *pied-a-terre* for tired wheelers, and the lovely old garden—fortunately preserved intact—is fitted with a capital track where expert or neophyte may test his paces in most congenial surroundings. The Wheel Club has, in fact, brought its own particular part of South Kensington into very pleasant evidence, surrounding neighbours in the Boltons being deeply thankful that, instead of dreaded monstrous buildings in the inevitable form of flats, this historic house and garden are preserved to the genial influences of the cycle. One of the dresses I admired was of the aforesaid blue foulard, embroidered in a design of grape-leaves in unbleached overlaid lawn. A blouse-bodice had at neck a heart-shaped plastron of white satin under real lace; the waistband, also of white satin, had a high buckle of steel and turquoises. It was a particularly pretty gown.

SYBIL.

DRESS AT THE THEATRICAL BAZAAR.

All the best-known actresses were present at the Theatrical Bazaar last week, wearing their very prettiest frocks in the good cause of charity and the Actors' Orphanage.

Miss Olga Nethersole was one of the most perfectly gowned, and I discovered the genius of Jay in the accordion-pleated folds of her tea-rose yellow silk gown, which was cut square at the neck, and had a white fichu draped round the shoulders, its frilled ends falling far down the skirt. Also she wore a picture-hat of white Leghorn, outlined with black velvet, and adorned with many white ostrich feathers. Mrs. F. R. Benson, too, looked strikingly beautiful in a most original toilette fashioned of a wonderful pale-pink silken fabric, which had its birth in India, and was strewn with a faint design of flowers, while bretelles and epaulettes of white Indian muslin, glittering with an embroidery of silver, found an excellent foil in the misty blackness of the chiffon at neck and wrists. A great spray of carnations at the waist reproduced exactly the delicate pink of the dress; and, crowning all, came a big corn-coloured straw hat, trimmed with black ostrich feathers and cherries. Those who know Mrs. Benson can easily imagine what a beautiful living-picture she made in this gown, nor was she less successful in a second dress of French grey brocade, the sole relief to its rich simplicity being a gracefully draped fichu of white chiffon and a spray of those favoured flowers—pink carnations. The hat was of the Directoire style, with a brim of black and a crown of green chip, black feathers and one great spray of pink roses and buds doing duty as trimming.

Miss Mary Moore, who did wonderful business with a fragrant perfume, christened "Rosemary" in her honour, looked delightful in a pale-pink silken gauze flowered in a deeper shade and with touches of leaf-green silk at neck and waist; while among those who favoured white were Miss Lily Hanbury, with some silver embroidery on the bodice and a black hat with ostrich feathers; Miss Kate Rorke, looking as cool as one of the ices she was so busily dispensing; and Miss Violet Vanbrugh, whose only touch of colour was to be found in the tender green of the roses on her hat. Miss Phyllis Broughton had the simplest of coat-and-skirt costumes in white mohair, relieved by a green silk vest, which did duty as a background for the inevitable pink carnation, and by a green hat adorned with roses; and close by was Mrs. Clement Scott, in a perfect gown of black-and-white striped silk, with a little bolero of yellowish lace opening over a vest of white tulle, strapped across with many little bands of white satin ribbon, each fastened with a tiny paste button. Some cherry-coloured ribbon at waist and neck gave just the right touch of contrasting colour, and proclaimed aloud the handiwork of Jay, and the costume was completed by a white straw hat, the crown covered with lace and the back turned up with a mass of pale-pink roses. Sweet Cissie Loftus was in embroidered grass-lawn over silk in the colour of the forget-me-nots in her hat, and Mabel Love, most fascinating of pedlars, wore white muslin with insertions and foamy tulle frills of yellowish Valenciennes. Miss Fanny Brough was smart as ever in a wonderfully fitting gown with a skirt of dark-blue silk and a coat-bodice of blue-and-green chiné, her blue straw hat being trimmed with green velvet and cherries.

Grass-lawn, too, had found charming votaries in Miss Esmé Beringer, Miss Pattie Browne (who had combined it with yellow), and Miss Lena Ashwell, who had chosen pink as a relief and a trimming; and then there was Miss Marie Tempest, in a skirt of delicate green silk with a chiné design of roses arranged in festoons, the full bodice of green chiffon drawn into a waistband of white satin and having a square collar of exquisite old lace. Her brown straw hat was swathed round with white gauze, from whose cloudy folds two white wings sprang up in front, and at the back there were some clusters of grapes and pale roses.

Mrs. George Alexander looked in on her way to a garden-party, wearing a yellow silk skirt ruffled with black chiffon at the hem and a bodice of silken grass-lawn embroidered with rose-leaves and arranged in most original fashion with bands of black velvet ribbon, her hat being trimmed with roses, lace, and black velvet ribbon; and Miss Evelyn Millard wore white crêpon narrowly striped with yellow, and the bodice all soft chiffon and lace, while a hat of cream straw was trimmed with pink roses. Miss Fay Davis, a future member of the St. James's company, gave her famous "Tiger-Lily" recitation, wearing a soft white silk gown, made with the most perfect simplicity, and banded in at the waist with white satin. And I noticed also Mrs. R. V. Shone looking

piquantly pretty in black, her cape made beautiful with an appliqué of exquisite lace. Miss Elliott Page was well suited by her gown of pale-blue muslin, the bodice appliqué with lace.

Miss Fanny Ward's accordion-pleated white muslin had a skirt-panel of wonderful lace, which also trimmed the bodice, and there was blue moiré at neck and waist. The green straw hat had its crown surrounded by high ears of corn and blowaways intermixed with cornflowers. Miss Gertrude Kingston wore white, the bodice arranged with zouaves of lace, which were provided with turquoise buttons; and Miss Granville, with a skirt of white silk narrowly striped with black, had a bodice of turquoise-blue chiffon, draped with a white fichu, which in its turn was



GOWN WORN BY MRS. CLEMENT SCOTT AT THE THEATRICAL BAZAAR.

edged with black velvet and drawn into a jewelled belt. Altogether, so many lovely women and lovely gowns are not often to be seen gathered together in one place.

FLORENCE.

The Midland Company's route to Scotland, passing through the best parts of the land of Burns, the home and haunts of Sir Walter Scott, the Forth Bridge, &c., is a very interesting one. Passengers taking tourist tickets from stations on the Midland Railway to Glasgow, *via* North British or Glasgow and South-Western Railways, may now travel at option on the return journey either by the North British Waverley route, *via* Edinburgh, or from Glasgow (St. Enoch) by the Glasgow and South-Western route, *via* Dumfries and Annan.

The "Johannis Minstrels" were one of the features at Henley last week, and at Maidenhead during Ascot. They were robed in yellow silk and masked, and serenaded the various hotels nightly from a punt. They are distinctly clever, and the names of divers leading artist sopranos and tenors were mentioned by listeners who fancied that they could solve the problem of identities.

The Summer Number of the *Western Weekly News*, of Plymouth, is an admirable twopennyworth. It contains twenty complete stories by, among others, Mr. G. R. Sims, Miss Cissie Loftus, Miss Florence Marryat, Miss Helen Mathers, and Jean Middlemass. There are a series of sketches and notes descriptive of Western holiday-haunts, and altogether it is as useful a newspaper-companion for the tripper as could well be turned out.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on July 28.

We are at the end of the nineteen-day account, and the whole market sends up a sigh of relief. By some curious law of nature—no, we mean finance—a nineteen-day account always spells ruin to the “bulls” on the Stock Exchange, and as the public, if it is speculating at all, is always a “bull,” it is a relief to get quit for a time of the necessity for an abnormally long account. Nothing very dreadful has happened this time except a slump in Chartered and dull markets in everything else, so that, upon the whole, we have escaped without overmuch trouble.

HOME RAILS.

The changes in this department have been very slight on the whole, but mostly in a downward direction on account of fears of a coal strike, unsatisfactory dividend rumours, and many other circumstances, which can be summed up in the one word “Henley.”

SIR JOHN PENDER.

The death of the Telegraph King, following closely upon that of the great Nitrate monarch, has left a blank in City circles which it will be hard to fill. “De mortuis nil nisi bonum” is a very good motto from which we are not going to depart. A most able, shrewd, and far-seeing man of business has been removed from our midst.

THE CHARTERED ISSUE.

A more extraordinary course of procedure in financing we have seldom seen than that adopted by the Chartered Company in the raising of the new capital required to meet existing and prospective liabilities. Not being in their secret councils, we dare not even guess what inducements led to the astounding announcement of the completion of a deal by which financial houses had been allotted £1,250,000 of



THE LATE SIR JOHN PENDER.

Photo by Falk, New York.

5 per cent. debentures at 97½. Every circumstance of the case tends to aggravate the affront to the shareholders, and to give to political and financial opponents of the Chartered Company more colour for their already loudly expressed opinion that the Board, as now constituted, is either incapable from the business point of view or does its work with a sublime disregard of the interests of the shareholders.

Let us take a case which would be quite on all-fours with this one. Mr. A has a business into which he puts a considerable amount of capital, and he delegates the management of it to Messrs. B, C, and D, the heads of the several departments, with the understanding that Mr. B shall be at the head of affairs for general purposes; but, of course, that if a dispute should arise, the vote of the majority shall overrule Mr. B's executive powers. Circumstances arise which lead to Mr. B's resignation, and which also lead to a falling off in the business, and to the necessity for the introduction of more capital. What is the duty of the remaining managers in such a case? We should say that the first thing to be done is to ask Mr. A, the proprietor of the business, if he was willing to put any more money into it. But if C and D took it upon themselves to mortgage the business to money-lenders whom they happened to know, without informing Mr. A of their intention; if Mr. A would have been ready to put in the capital required to keep the business going, and to keep it in his own hands, how would he deal with the conduct of his employees?

If he were a competent business man he would probably inform the two managers who had taken such unwarrantable liberties with his property that, while what they had done was, unfortunately, in accordance with the letter of the powers he had granted to them, they were certainly not in accordance with the spirit, and therefore he would ask them to find other situations at their earliest convenience. And he would also point out to them that, in arriving at the determination to dispense with their services, he could not avoid being actuated in great measure by the fact that they had not even shown him the common courtesy of letting him know what they were doing, but had left him to glean the facts through a third party. But our hypothetical Mr. A is very different from a body of shareholders whom it is difficult to organise—and sometimes, even, to convince of the most obvious fact.

While the negotiations were in progress Chartered shares were kept up in the market; but our advice of last week to sell on every rise was soon justified, and we repeat it now. We do not for a moment imagine that the debenture issue we have been criticising will suffice for the needs of the Company arising out of the recent disturbances. And the shareholders, with good reason, will feel distrust of the methods for raising further capital. When a supposed good thing like this debenture issue was going, they were arbitrarily excluded from participation in it. As a natural consequence, they will scan very critically the conditions of any further issue in which they are invited to take a share. But perhaps the indignation which has been the result of the tactics adopted

this time may teach the directors a salutary lesson. We cannot say we think the shareholders have lost much, and we should not advise a purchase in the market.

THE LINOTYPE COMPANY.

We congratulate the shareholders of the Linotype Company on the satisfactory results recorded in the interim report issued to them last week, and particularly on the announcement of a dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum for the half-year to June 30. And we also congratulate the directors on the frankness with which they have taken the shareholders into their confidence with regard to the important developments of the half-year. These are very instructive on a subject of the utmost importance to shareholders in companies the value of whose shares is dependent on the validity of patents. Our readers already knew what the interim report now makes clear, that since the last annual meeting the board have bought up the whole of the patents (with the right to future improvements thereof) for Great Britain of the Rogers Composing Machine, known here as the “Typograph,” and which is described in the report as an invention for casting lines of type like the Linotype. Its first patent was taken out in 1888, two months before the Linotype Company came into existence.

The essential features of the “Typograph” constituted, in the opinion of the Linotype Company's patent counsel and experts, distinct infringements of the Linotype patents. But as the infringement of a patent does not necessarily imply that the infringing patent is without merit, the directors have followed the example and the advice of the American Linotype Company, who, after successfully prosecuting an infringement suit against the Rogers Company in all the American Courts, finally bought up the “Typograph.” In Germany, we understand, the “Typograph” patents were held to be no infringement, so that the point is not so clear as the Linotype people desire the world to understand. The purchase has been made on reasonable terms out of spare capital already in hand. An agreement has also been sealed by which the company secures for fourteen years the services and future patents of the inventor of the “Typograph.” Reading between the lines, we take it that the Linotype Company has bought up a rival which might have been dangerous. We have a very good idea of the price paid, but we can readily realise, in the shareholders' interest, it might have been inexpedient to disclose it, and, as the board take this view, we shall follow their example.

THE BANKING HALF-YEAR.

It was not to be expected that the dividend announcements of the English banks for the first half of 1896 would show any important change from the corresponding six months of 1895, or, for that matter, from the second half of that year. It is a cause for congratulation to bank shareholders that the rates of dividend have been fairly maintained. Generally speaking, a revival in trade such as that of which evidence is afforded by the Board of Trade returns for the six months to the end of June, would involve a demand for money at enhanced rates. But, somehow or other, this has not been the case under present circumstances. There has—for very sound reasons—been engendered so much distrust of foreign securities, that bankers at home are still troubled by an accumulation of money for which they cannot find employment at anything like, what used to be called, a remunerative rate. The 2 per cent. Bank Rate has already achieved a record of two years, and is very near two and a half. It is quite on the cards that it may reach the three years, and meantime bankers are quite at a loss to determine whether the present state of affairs is going to be permanent or temporary. In the former case they would have to consider the question whether it was good business to accept deposits, even without interest.

WESTRALIA.

The West Australian Market continues very dull, and not even crushings like Mainland Consols (275 tons, 1276 ounces) or Burbank's (502 tons, 2145 ounces) appear to have any effect on prices—indeed, it looks as if the public had had quite enough mining shares to digest at present, and that we must wait until the middle of August, or perhaps even over the holidays, before any serious revival is to come about. We know that new mining ventures are being very badly subscribed, and that the underwriters of one of the most respectable concerns in the list of new mines mentioned by us last week have been called upon to take up 70 per cent. of the underwriting.

Our Western Australian correspondent sends us this week a letter upon the latest Western Australian goldfield, from which our readers will see that he is not a man to blindly praise whatever is shown to him—

THE DANDALUP GOLDFIELD.

Early in March rumours came into Perth that Menzie, the prospector who discovered Menzies, and Lovitt, a big, bluff adventurer of the true goldfields type, had “struck it rich” in the Darling Range. Now the Darling Range is the beloved resort of the picnicker. These low hills—they are as Alps in the dead levels of Western Australia—run for a great distance through the Colony, and are covered with trees, kangaroos, broken bottles, tin meat-cans, and waste paper. Others have tried for gold in the Darling Range, and found—pyrites. But Menzie “struck it rich,” so they said. I went out one morning to have a look at this new field (with some hundreds of others, I may remark). The train stopped about forty miles from Perth, and we got out. There was no station; but a man in a hut said that if we walked across the bush we should strike the Bunbury Road and soon see the track leading up to the hills where Menzie had his camp. Most of us “humped our swag,” which means carrying a linen tent, a tin dish, a pick and shovel, an iron pestle and mortar, and the inevitable blanket.

In time we reached the camp, a couple of dozen little tents, six by eight, a hut made of flour-sacks, with a bough shed or two. Menzie, as became the wealthy mine-owner, had a grand tent built of real canvas, with a real bed in it. After the usual libation, we walked up the hill to the Menzie-Lovitt mine. The creek

here makes a gorge in the hill, and in coming down athwart the plain shows a bold quartz outcrop. Half quarried, half sunk, was a sort of shaft about six or eight feet deep. Into this we scrambled and gazed with palpitating hearts upon the shoot. There in laminated quartz was the gold. "I have refused twenty thousand pounds in cash for this," said Menzie, a quiet, harmless-looking fellow, who seemed incapable of telling a lie; so I just shrugged my shoulders and said it was a pity he had not taken the offer. He smiled, a superior sort of smile; then, having gazed our full upon this speck of gold, we were conducted down the track. Our guide stopped, gazed round suspiciously, and, kneeling on the debris of quartz, lifted a rock, then another, and a third, disclosing an outcrop of quartz which had been "knapped," or broken. With much care he tenderly spat upon the rock, and, rubbing it with his dirty finger, bade us kneel and worship, which we did. Visible gold there was in that little bit of quartz. We all rose one after the other from our devotions and handed the glass back to our guide, who then covered up the golden rock and took us further down the hill. That was King's claim, King being Menzie's manager.

Then we inspected Hart's claim, which was upon level ground, and has been bought, I understand, by Mr. C. C. Macklin. We were shown a small pit; under this pit, in the bowels of the earth, was supposed to lie the Menzie-Lovitt reef. As no reef was visible, we were compelled to produce compasses. These gave us the true bearing, and we all concluded that, if Hart's claim did not contain the reef, then no more faith could be reposed in the compass. Then we trudged up to Hopgood's claim, which seemed remarkably rich in iron pyrites and nothing else, and so for some miles we tramped over the Ranges. Kangaroo skipped away laboriously, miners in their little tents bade us welcome to the new fields. We drank whisky and talked mining, we saw snakes and parrots. We were on a great goldfield. Our spirits rose. "One day a thousand head of stamps will be crushing in these hills. It is one huge mountain of auriferous quartz," said a miner; he meant auriferous, but we were not prigs to correct him. The air was bracing, the scenery more or less like the Highlands after a forest fire.

Then we went back to the camp and had kangaroo for dinner—tougher food I have eaten, but not often; still it all gave "local colour," as the artist of the party informed us. Some days after we attended a solemn function in the Mayor's parlour. A gold watch and chain was presented to Lovitt, by whom we could not clearly discern, in consideration of his services to science, in having helped Menzie to discover Dandalup. The fields had not been proclaimed a goldfield then, the men having merely pegged out "protection areas." We all made speeches, and Lovitt's health was drunk in Colonial champagne. Then some rude people, days after the effects of the champagne had faded away, began to declare that the Dandalup quartz was salted. This was a wicked thing to say, for was there not in Hay Street a beautiful shop-window, with a full-sized figure of a miner, surrounded by lumps of quartz, all glittering with gold, and was not this shop-window labelled "Gold from Dandalup"? What became of the man who wrote to the papers saying that the Dandalup rock had been salted no one knows.

Perth wanted a goldfield of its own. It was given one by Menzie and Lovitt, and yet wretched critics wrote nasty letters to the papers, saying they could pick gold out of the stone with their penknives—an impossible feat, as anyone knows, if the gold is genuine. These hardy scribes are now, I imagine, at the bottom of the Swan River; they really deserve their fate.

Then the Government took the question up, and sent its own expert down. After long waiting his report appeared. Like all reports by Government experts, it was vague, and expressed no definite opinion. You pay your money and take your chance. But one of the assays was higher than an ounce. They mostly ran between three and twelve dwts. So it was proved that there was gold in Dandalup, and more champagne was drunk, and Dandalup was happy, so happy that land speculators had a sale, and one sanguine person decided to build a public-house. And now Dandalup has been proclaimed by the Government a goldfield, and a Warden has been appointed to try cases and rule the new field with such discretion as he has.

Personally, I am not much inclined to believe in Dandalup. Mining has been going on for the last twenty years in the Darling Range, but the ore is so heavily charged with pyrites that ordinary stamp-mills are of no use. As might be expected, the ore which the Government expert had treated with cyanide was a failure. Cyanide, as everyone knows, will not extract gold from pyritous ore unless there is a certain amount of gold in the stone. Some of the quartz in the Menzie-Lovitt claim does carry gold in a shoot, but whether the quartz on either side of the shoot is rich enough to pay for crushing no one knows as yet. Neither does Captain Fowler's report enlighten us upon this point. There is any amount of quartz in sight, but no one can say whether it is payable or not. Labour is cheap; water can be got by means of dams in moderate quantities—enough to keep at least fifty head going all the year round. The railway runs right through the new goldfield. In short, Dandalup has all the advantages a goldfield ought to possess, but the ore is admittedly very low-grade indeed, and it has not been proved whether the immense quarries of quartz which can be found almost anywhere in the Darling Range will pay to crush. The Perth people should erect a mill and try what they can do. At the present moment English investors would do well to hold aloof and let the local people try their hand. Low-grade ore often pays better than high-grade stuff, but it requires careful milling and economical management. Dandalup may one day be a success, but at the present moment it is nothing better than a prospecting field with no work done at all.

C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LIMITED.

We fear our readers will be very much disappointed with the allotments which they will receive in response to their applications. The public answer to the offer of 50,000 preference shares of £5 each was some seven thousand applications, amounting to nearly a million and a-quarter of money. We understand that the newsagents and the readers of *Pearson's Weekly* alone applied for more than all the shares offered, so that general applicants will be lucky if they get one-tenth of the number of shares they have written for. We fully expected that the issue would be covered when we advised our readers to apply, but such a phenomenal success as it has proved was quite unexpected, and we think those of our readers who want the shares for investment (and a very good investment, too) cannot do better than buy a few in the market at the present price of about $\frac{1}{10}$ to $\frac{1}{12}$ premium, as we quite expect that when the shares obtain an official quotation they will be worth $1\frac{1}{2}$ premium at least, while they can now be bought to yield a clear 5 per cent., a state of things not likely to last long.

NEW ISSUES.

Hannan's Development and Finance Corporation, Limited, is a company that was registered in March last with the object of acquiring certain leases and options in the Hannan's district, and for the working of which it is intended to form subsidiary companies, in which the

parent company shall have a considerable holding. The Hannan's North Cressus, which has been already issued, is well situated in the centre of the Hannan's field, and should prove a valuable property. The Corporation has also a considerable interest in "Hannan's Reefs," Hannan's Gifts Gold-Mines, and Hannan's Pride. The shares of the Hannan Development and Finance Corporation being already dealt in on the Stock Exchange at about 30s. per share, the present issue of £50,000 is offered to the public at 5s. premium on the £1 share, and each subscriber for two hundred ordinary shares is entitled to one deferred share at £10.

Burbank's Consols, Limited, is a company formed with a capital of £80,000 to acquire a mining lease of twenty-four acres in the immediate vicinity of the celebrated Burbank's Birthday Gift Mine, and with Mr. T. S. Hall as chairman and Professor William Nicholas, F.G.S., as consulting engineer, we have a guarantee of the genuineness of the undertaking. The excellent yield of Burbank's Birthday Gift Mine, which we have consistently recommended to our readers, shows that there is rich and paying gold in the district, and we look upon Burbank's Consols as a very fair mining risk.

The following is our opinion in brief on the issues which have come under our notice during the week—

The Ivanhoe Consols Proprietary Company, Limited.—To be avoided.

The Grand Theatre, Islington.—Not attractive.

John Loveys and Co., Limited.—A very good industrial concern, in which we should say either preference or ordinary shares might be applied for with advantage.

The Maori Dream Gold-Mines, Limited.—A very bad dream.

Saturday, July 11, 1896.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the "City Editor." Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

T. R.—We are very sorry you did not get an advance prospectus of C. Arthur Pearson, Limited; but our correspondents numbered over five hundred, and yours is the only mistake of which we have heard. See this week's "Notes."

J. J. G.—Singer's will probably pay an interim dividend in September. We should hold for a reasonable time. The New Zealand Consolidated has a capital of £50,000, and several good deals negotiated. It is backed by some of the leading men on the Stock Exchange. Take a profit of ten shillings when you can. The look of the markets is not over-promising for the next few weeks.

CAXTON.—This mine is a third reconstruction in which we have no belief. Buy a few Pearsons at about $\frac{1}{12}$ premium. It is very difficult to find good speculative investments at this moment; but we think Cedulas, Series F, present a reasonable chance of a rise.

R. W.—The concern you name has a powerful backing; but we are not in love with it.

E. A. G.—(1) A good cycle concern. We should hold. (2) Hold till the special settlement, when you will probably get a better price; don't be greedy. (3) We think well of this. (4) First-rate, and if you sell out, what can you do with the money? (5) We should hold. If you sell anything, buy a few Pearsons at not over $\frac{1}{12}$ premium to hold for 1 or $1\frac{1}{2}$ premium.

J. C.—We should take the profit on these Incandescent shares.

J. H. (Wigton).—We cannot read your *nom-de-plume*. (1) We are not in love with it. (2) A fair mining risk. (3) We have no information.

R. J. W.—You do yourself a great injustice. We are ourselves holders of New Zealand Consolidated Goldfields at a higher price than you paid, and we expect to get out without loss. The company is backed by New Court and some of the strongest people in the City, and the shares will rise in all probability on the first revival. As to your list, we should hold (1) until Mr. Barnato comes home and you get details of the amalgamation; (2) is all right except for South African politics; (3) and (4) are fair mining risks. (5) We have so often expressed our opinion that we must refer you to our "Notes" for the last six weeks. (6) A speculative purchase, which will probably give a profit if you wait long enough.

F. M.—We know very little of the racing club shares you mention, which are not dealt in upon the Stock Exchange. The gas stock is first-rate. We think you ought to get the dividend, which is £6 per cent. Ask your bankers. "C. D." means "Cum Dividend."

C. A. L. D.—(1) A very speculative affair. (2) Don't trust this agency. (3) Yes, a div. of sixpence per share was declared.

INVESTMENT.—(a) The people connected with this are a dangerous lot, and best left alone. (b) A fair speculation, but depressed by reason of Transvaal politics.

BELLDIGHIR.—The companies are all dead. (1) Notice of dissolution in *Gazette*, Dec. 31, 1895. (2) Wound up by order dated Aug. 10, 1891. (3) Resolution for winding-up passed May 26, 1893. Please send us P.O. for 3s., which we have expended on search fees.

WIDOW.—You do not answer our question as to when you withdrew. If you sit down with your hands before you, not only will you not get your money back, but you will be made to pay up the uttermost-farthing on your shares. We beg you to consult a good solicitor at once, for you will regret it if you do not. Write the company a letter, saying explicitly that you repudiate your shares and demand your money back, then wait the result of your fellow-shareholders' actions now going on.

H. M. E.—We have told you before that the concern appears to us a swindle, but the elementary principles of Company Law are that either you must repudiate your shares and take action to get your name removed from the share-register, or accept the position and pay up. You have no defence to the call as matters stand. It is, in our opinion, possible to recover a judgment against the slate quarries, if you are prepared to fight an action. Consult a solicitor who understands company business. The concern was a swindle of the first water. We will send you the name of a solicitor who will look into the whole affair for you if you like, but we can only do this by private letter.

S. G.—The company you ask about is dead and dissolved. The notice appeared in the *Gazette* of June 11, 1895. Write off your money as a bad debt and don't bother about it.

CLERICUS.—(1) See this week's "Notes." You will probably get your price, but don't hold out for the sake of five shillings a-share. (2) We think well of New Queens as a mining risk. (3) A fraud, as you say. (4) Very good; hold on. (5) We really have no reliable information.

T. H. L. H.—You need not have been alarmed, as we have no faith in the people you write so many pages about. They are not worth the waste of paper.